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ACCUSATION;

OR,

The Family of D'Anglade.

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# ACCUSATION;

OR, THE

## Family of D'Anglade:

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS,

FROM THE FRENCH, WITH ALTERATIONS,

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

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REPRESENTED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

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LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

A VERY ingenious French melo-drame entitled "LE VOL, OU LA FAMILLE D'ANGLADE," suggested the idea, and furnished the leading incidents of the following play. Great changes have been made in the sentiments and dialogue. The persons who frequent the Theatres of Paris in which melo-dramas are acted, seldom scrutinize the literary or moral merits of the productions which they applaud. Audiences are classed in different Theatres in Paris, as they are in different parts of the same Theatre in London. Instead of a vast building in which the lovers of shew and pantomime are jumbled with the lovers of SHAKSPEARE and sense, every quality of auditor has there a distinct Theatre appropriate to its quality of taste. Should the national Theatre in the Rue de Richelieu dare to

represent a melo-drame, even the powers of TALMA could not protect it from public indignation. But as the taste on this side of the channel is too modern for the polish of the loftier French Drama, and too polished to admit any thing from their minor Theatres,—(the only sources in Paris whence Covent Garden and Drury Lane borrow),—without great and studied alteration,—the adaptor of a French production becomes liable to all the labour of an original writer without entitling himself to equal fame. To this labour the adaptor of the present play has been condemned. Whatever may be thought of its literary pretensions, he will be satisfied if he has succeeded in the leading object of his alterations;—in displaying the graces and the dignity of conjugal love,—and in holding up to the admiration which it deserves, that sublime and disinterested constancy towards the unfortunate and suffering, which endears and ennobles the female character.

The original story of “Accusation” has long been naturalised in English literature. The trial of D’Anglade is detailed at length in a volume of legal

translations entitled "Gallic Reports." To those who desire only the prominent particulars, an abridged account in volume the second of CHARLOTTE SMITH'S "Romance of Real Life," headed "Anglade" will be interesting;—but the narrative of Mrs. OPIE, entitled "Love and Duty," which relates every circumstance, cannot be read without tears and rapture. The refined and powerful imagination of this fascinating authoress, has followed up the story of D'Anglade by a touching narrative of the effect of his persecutions upon the destinies of his daughter. Out of her heart-breaking sacrifices to duty,—her devotedness to the memory of her martyred parents,—the exquisite delicacy of her lofty feelings,—and the unwavering constancy of her hopeless love,—Mrs. OPIE has created an almost matchless picture of moral purity and intellectual loveliness. It is to be regretted that this fiction of Mrs. OPIE could not have been brought upon the stage, but the laws of dramatic unity deny the public that benefit and pleasure. Were the stage consecrated to conceptions like this, it would speedily reform both itself and its supporters.



The Parisian wits, who must have their epigram upon every thing which engages public attention, made themselves merry with the selection of the present subject for a play. In a pungent little local *vaudeville*, entitled “Flore et Zephyre,” the Grand Opera, (which is represented under the name of *Somno*, for its dulness,) offers his daughter Flore to any one, who, by no-matter-what novelty, might succeed in restoring the fallen glories of his deserted house. The various amusements then fashionable in Paris, grotesquely personified, present themselves in rotation; and old *Somno* examines their various pretensions and obtains an opinion from each as to the best mode of reviving his attraction. The far-famed GULLIVER, who had recently figured at the “Théâtre des Variétés,” appears among the rest, and holds the following dialogue with the distressed manager:

SOMNO. Monsieur, à qui ai-je l'honneur de parler ?

GULLIVER. Vous voyez un étranger qui, instruit de votre détresse, a fait force de voiles pour venir à votre secours.

SOMNO. Comment, monsieur, vous espérez me rendre cet éclat dont je brillais autrefois ?

GULLIVER. Moi, monsieur, je réussis toujours.

SOMNO. Monsieur n'est pas auteur, à ce que je vois.



GULLIVER. Non, monsieur; je suis machiniste.\* J'étais autrefois un voyageur connu par mon esprit et mon originalité; mais maintenant je suis comme je vous l'ai dit, machiniste et pas autre chose—prêt à vous rendre mes services!

SOMNO. Hélas! ce n'est pas de machines que je manque, c'est même ici le triomphe des machines†—car c'est à cela que j'ai employé tous mes fonds!

AIR : *Dans cette maison à quinze ans.*

Mais tout nous accable à la fois

Dés que le sort nous est contraire

La France n'a pas, je le crois,

De plus fameux propriétaire.

J'ai les bocages les plus beaux,

De palais je ne suis pas chiche,

J'ai des fermes et des châteaux—

Et je n'en suis pas plus riche!

GULLIVER. C'est que vous ne savez pas faire valoir tout cela—Si vous l'aviez employé dans quelque cause célèbre?

SOMNO. Comment des "CAUSES CÉLÈBRES"?‡

GULLIVER. Il n'y a que cela qui prenne maintenant.

AIR : *Tenez, moi je suis un bon homme.*

Voyez la famille d'Anglade,

La servante de Palaiseau—

Que leur succès vous persuade.

Prenez vos sujets au barreau.

Sitôt qu'une cause prospère

On la met en pièce—Et l'auteur

Finir par gagner dans l'affaire

Presqu'autant que le procureur!

\* The giants and giantesses to whom the farce of "Gulliver" was indebted for its success, were so raised by *machinery* constructed for the purpose, that their heads nearly touched the ceiling as they moved.

† In scenery and mechanism the Grand Opera of Paris is supposed not to be excelled by any Theatre in the world.

‡ "Les Causes Célèbres" is the name of the collection of trials upon which "Accusation," and the "Maid and Magpie" are founded,

This play was sent from Paris, before its appearance upon the French boards. It was received by the then principal member of the Drury-lane Subcommittee on the 23d of January, 1816—instantly accepted, and performed on the first of February,—a celerity perhaps unprecedented in the history of the stage. The adaptor regrets that his residence in Paris during its run, prevented him from witnessing the exertions of the performers whose talent obtained for it so much applause. To that estimable lady and accomplished actress, Mrs. GLOVER, he understands he is greatly indebted for her excellence in Madam de Cerval ;—and to Mr. WALLACK, an actor more liked by the public than many who are more flattered by the press, he has been taught to ascribe the highest praise in Valmore,—and it gratifies him to have this opportunity of paying his tribute to unpretending talent, which is moving silently, but with firm and steady step, towards the highest honours of its profession. Mr. KNIGHT as Marcel, and Mr. RAE as D'Anglade, must have powerfully enhanced the interest of the scene ;—and if Miss KELLY's Madam D'Anglade awakened less enthusiasm than she usually commands, it was only

because the part was not of a cast to call forth the characteristic peculiarities of a genius, certainly not surpassed by any upon the stage.—If Mr. BARTLEY's good humour and kind-heartedness did not prevent him from looking like a misanthrope, a better representative could not have been desired for Leon.

The scenery was beautiful, and it would be ungrateful to omit any opportunity of acknowledging how many compliments are due to the pencil of Mr. GREENWOOD.

London, Sept. 20, 1817.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ADOLPHUS D'ANGLADE .....	MR. RAE.
CHARLES, <i>his son, five years of age</i> .....	MISS CARR.
BERTRAND, <i>his old confidential servant</i> .....	MR. POWELL.
LEON DE VALENCY, <i>his cousin</i> .....	MR. BARTLEY:
VALMORE, <i>Madam de Cerval's nephew</i> .....	MR. WALLACK.
HUBERT, <i>his Valet</i> .....	MR. S. PENLEY.
MARCEL, <i>Madam de Cerval's gardener</i> .....	MR. KNIGHT.
DUMONT, <i>a jeweller</i> .....	MR. CARR.
FOURBIN, <i>an adventurer, the friend of Hubert</i>	MR. BARNARD.
DORVAL, <i>a magistrate</i> .....	MR. R. PHILLIPS.
NOTARY .....	MR. EBSWORTH.
MADAM DE CERVAL, <i>widow of a rich merchant</i>	MRS. GLOVER.
MADAM D'ANGLADE .....	MISS KELLY.

*Soldiers—Gardeners—Servants—Female Servants—*

*Troubadours—Dancers—Guests.*

*The Scene lies at Marseilles.—The Action passes in the year 1687.*



# ACCUSATION.

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## Act the First.

SCENE: A GARDEN. STEPS LEADING UP TO MADAM DE CERVAL'S HOUSE, ON THE RIGHT HAND; AND A BOWER ON THE LEFT. AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE, THE GARDEN WALL, AND A LARGE ORNAMENTED IRON GATE, THROUGH WHICH A CANAL AND RURAL PROSPECT ARE VISIBLE.

MARCEL, THE UNDER GARDENERS, AND SOME SERVANTS APPEAR, BUSIED IN PREPARATIONS FOR A FÊTE. ENTER HUBERT.

HUB. Come, hustle, boys;—be brisk, Marcel, be brisk.

MAR. Oh, I don't want any spurring, Mr. Hubert; for I do so love my good mistress, Madam de Cerval, that the mere thought of helping on the fête in honour of her birthday is spur enough.

HUB. Well, if that's the case, I suppose even money itself wouldn't make you move faster.

MAR. Money indeed! Compared with the pleasure of shewing gratitude, money's nothing in my eyes; it melts away like snow in the sun!

HUB. Persevere in these noble sentiments ; there's nothing like a little liberality :—and so thought my master Valmore, when he sent us these ten louis by way of encouragement : Now then to divide them fairly.

MAR. That's the fair way to prevent a division.

HUB. Let's see—ten of us—and here are four louis—*(giving them.)* Settle between yourselves. As for the other six, they are for Marcel and myself ;—so I—I keep them.

MAR. What ! You keep 'em ?

HUB. And why not, Marcel ?—"Money," you know, "in *your* eyes, melts away like snow in the sun."

MAR. Aye, aye, but "there's nothing like a little liberality." So, Mr. Hubert, the louis—I say, the louis.

HUB. Away, my lads,—zeal, you see, never fails of recompense.

MAR. Mr. Hubert,—the louis—I say—

HUB. And let every thing be in readiness to make the fête worthy of the best of mistresses—

MAR. *(mimicking him.)* That's right ! You do the drudgery ! I'll keep the wages ! A common trick where great men work by deputy !

HUB. Despatch, boys, despatch !

HUBERT hurries the Servants and Gardeners away. Just as they retire, sounds of a mandoline are heard, and FOURBIN behind the scenes sings scraps of an Italian air.

MAR. Hallo ! What's that ?

HUB. Ha ! Italians ?—A thought strikes me !—Suppose we were to keep 'em here for the fête ?

MAR. Aye, do—and divide another ten louis with 'em.

During this short dialogue, FOURBIN and three singers appear behind the garden gate. FOURBIN is disguised as an itinerant Italian Singer.

FOUR. (*in a loud voice.*) Signori, volete intendere i musici italiani;—Signori volete\*—

HUB. Let them in, I say!—What are you waiting for?

MAR. I don't like their looks.

HUB. O never mind their looks. (*Marcel opens the gate. Fourbin and his companions enter, as Marcel exclaims aside.*)

FOUR. (*still at the gate.*) Poveretti noi! Signori, volete intendere†—

MAR. (*mimicking.*) “Volete intendere”—I'm coming, I'm coming. (*Marcel opens the gate. Fourbin and his companions enter, as Marcel exclaims aside.*) What scarecrows!

HUB. (*to Fourbin and his companions.*) Come hither, my men! We have occasion for you this evening at a fête, and we'll strike a bargain with you at once.

FOUR. (*aside.*) That voice! that voice!—(*aloud and looking at Hubert with much attention and surprise.*) Si signore, al vostro servizio.‡

HUB. In that case you may remain here.

FOUR. (*aside.*) I am not mistaken—it is he!—(*in a low voice to Hubert.*) Hubert!—

HUB. (*startled.*) Hey?

FOUR. (*perceiving that Marcel gazes earnestly at them.*) Si, Signori, si signori—

HUB. He pronounced my name!

FOUR. (*low to Hubert.*) Don't you know me?

HUB. Very extraordinary!

FOUR. Siete il maestro della casa? Are you de maestro of de house?

HUB. (*continuing attentively to scrutinize Fourbin*

\* Sirs, will you hear the Italian musicians? Sirs, will you?

† Poor we! Sirs, would you like to hear—

‡ Yes, Sir, at your service.



*and endeavouring to recollect his features.)* No—I am—I am—the master's valet—and I—*(in a lower voice, and taking Fourbin by the arm.)*—But who the devil are you?

FOUR. Fourbin.

HUB. *(astonished.)* Fourbin!

MAR. What ails you, Mr. Hubert? How came you to know those—

HUB. Pray let me alone. You have plenty to do. *(low to Fourbin.)* Send away your companions.

MAR. One must come cap in hand to speak with you, it seems, Mr. Hubert;—but if you won't give up my money, keep back your own impertinence.

HUB. Get along, get along.

MAR. Very well, very well, Sir. You've taken the sure way to keep yourself from being forgotten. Cheat a man and he'll remember you.

*Exit MARCEL greatly incensed. During the latter speeches FOURBIN whispers to his companions. They go away through the gate by which they entered, and FOURBIN remains alone with HUBERT.*

HUB. And so, my poor Fourbin, it is really you! Who would ever have thought of seeing you again? And above all, so strangely shatter'd, tatter'd, and batter'd!

FOUR. Ah! Every thing has fail'd with me of late. You must recollect our being together at Naples in the service of that old lord—

HUB. Who gave us so much of his cane and so little of his cash?

FOUR. You can't have forgotten, that, in order to revenge ourselves for his ill treatment of us, we one day left him at leisure to repent of it—

HUB. Yes—carrying off with us four thousand ducats which we found, by chance, in an old strong box—



FOUR. Of which we broke open the lock and divided the money—

HUB. Like brothers!

FOUR. Not altogether, for you took two thirds of it to yourself.

HUB. Just so. 'Twas I who conducted the whole affair.

FOUR. Yes—and 'twas you, also, who disappear'd one night, taking away with you the other half, which happened to be mine.

HUB. Poh! Oh! That is not possible!

FOUR. Possible or not, it's true however.

HUB. Why, what could I have been thinking of at the time? But, to say the truth, my dear friend, I certainly have, now and then, stumbled upon such blunders.

FOUR. And you never blunder to your own disadvantage.

HUB. Hold, hold, Fourbin. Don't renew old grievances. Let us speak no more of it.

FOUR. But we must speak of it. You are now in a good place. You appear to be well off. You see my miserable plight, and you will surely render me—

HUB. Any service in my power. (*aside*) Rascal!

FOUR. You will give me —

HUB. (*aside*.) To the devil!—(*aloud*) The best proof of my friendship!—'Twas your lucky star led you hither. You can be useful, and pocket a good round sum.

FOUR. How?

HUB. Harkye. This house belongs to Madam de Cerval, a widow, whose husband was a rich merchant, and has left no children. Valmore, my master, is her nephew and sole heir. He was an orphan, without fortune, and is indebted to this good lady for his education and all he possesses. He has ever deceived her as to his real character,

and she, poor dupe! fancies him a saint, whilst, in fact, he is but a—a—

FOUR. I can believe he is bad enough, since I find you in his service.

HUB. That pavilion which you see on the right hand, at the end of the orange tree walk, is inhabited for the present by Mr. D'Anglade and his lady; a young couple of high family, very rich, married about six years, with but one child ———

FOUR. I begin to understand. Madam D'Anglade is beautiful ———

HUB. Divinely!

FOUR. Valmore is in love with her ———

HUB. To distraction.

FOUR. And a libertine? Willing to risk every thing to gratify his passion?

HUB. Tolerably well guessed. My master, eight years, ago, wearied with Paris, where he had squander'd in a month his aunt's allowance for a year, came to replenish on her credulity. Lena de Senesse, now Madam D'Anglade, was at that time on a visit to his aunt; he there first beheld her; and captivated by her charms, requested permission from her parents to offer her his hand.

FOUR. What! Would he have married her?

HUB. Aye, that he would;—for love had almost made him what he professed to be,—a man of honour. Besides, the young lady was rich.

FOUR. Oh, that's another thing. If a man *does* volunteer to be a prisoner, his chains *ought* to be made of gold.

HUB. But as the said gold was all on one side of the house, her parents gave him liberty to withdraw his petition, and withdrew her to their chateau near Marseilles, that the young lady in person might not be exposed to the allied powers

of love and poverty. My master, in despair, went back to Paris; won great sums at play; made the tour of Europe, and on his return found his beloved was married, and had passed several months in this retreat, with her husband. The sight added fuel to the old flame; his rival's happiness was insupportable; and, at last, madden'd by the mingled force of love and jealousy, he has determined to destroy this union, and become, at any price, possessor of the only woman he ever truly adored.

FOUR. And with what eyes does his fair-one regard this love?

HUB. She knows nothing at all about it. It seems her parents were prudent enough at the time to conceal the advances of Mr. Valmore; and since his return he has not dared to make an avowal, restrained by her devotion to her husband and her fondness for her child; for, in short, Madam D'Anglade is a downright she-dragon of virtue!

FOUR. But what are your master's intentions? Does he mean to carry her off?

HUB. No, no. That's an old trick. The scheme I've been thinking of is far easier, and I'll confide it to you. In the meantime, fifty louis might, perhaps, do you a service.

FOUR. Fifty louis! That's fifty good reasons why I should say nothing about my hundred objections to a rogue's project.—The cash!—

HUB. You shall have it the moment my master has gain'd his wish'd-for mistress. He comes. Retire! Take this to begin with. (*offering money.*) Lurk in the neighbourhood, and walk this evening near yonder gate. Away!

FOUR. I'd sworn never to risk my neck again, but go where I will, the devil's at my elbow!

HUB. You won't take the money then?

FOUR. (*taking it.*) Oh, lackaday! How difficult it is to be an honest man!—



Exit FOURBIN through the garden gate. Enter VALMORE with a sullen, thoughtful air.

VAL. Hubert, have you seen Madam D'Anglade?

HUB. She is now with Madam de Cerval.

VAL. And her husband?

HUB. Is gone out.

VAL. The die is cast! Hubert, I will follow your advice. In a few days she is to quit this place. 'Tis done—the conflict is at an end—I will instantly declare my passion!

HUB. How, Sir? Madam D'Anglade to quit Marseilles?

VAL. Important business recalls her husband to his estate.

HUB. That's very unaccommodating of him. He's welcome to go though, provided he leaves his wife behind.

VAL. Nothing can be wider from his views. Nay, his desire to remove her from my society is probably the real cause of his abrupt departure.

HUB. Jealousy?—So much the better, Sir, so much the better. A husband who suspects his wife without cause, is apt to be the cause of what he suspects.

VAL. But in the meanwhile, he quits Marseilles—he bears her from me, and perhaps forever!

HUB. Well then, Sir, act with decision. Hesitate no longer. You have a skilful servant at command, and your hatred of your happy rival ———

VAL. Exceeds, if possible, my love for her! He has blasted my happiness forever, and fate seems to have wrought a miracle in his favour, only to deepen the agony of my despair!

HUB. Fate, say you?



VAL. Aye, fate! D'Anglade possessed little wealth. He never could have aspired to Lena, had he not obtained the immense fortune of his cousin, Leon de Valency, who is thought to have perished abroad by shipwreck. He may thank this event, and my aunt's avarice for his envied happiness. But let him not yet triumph! While I am in existence, never shall he remain the undisturb'd possessor of the woman I adore!

HUB. That's worthy of my gallant master!—but I will withdraw, for, see! Madam D'Anglade is approaching! Courage!

Exit HUBERT, making, as he goes out, signs of encouragement to his master.

VAL. . She comes! Important moment!

Enter MADAM D'ANGLADE and CHARLES. The moment CHARLES sees VALMORE, he springs from his mother and runs towards VALMORE.

CHAR. Oh, Mr. Valmore, I am so glad to see you!

VAL. Lovely child! (*kissing him.*) He has all your features, Madam.

MAD. D'A. Do you really think so, Mr. Valmore? I may be mistaken; but, to my view, Charles is the living image of his father.

VAL. My little friend, will you accept this. (*offering a box of sugar plums.*)

CHAR. That I will, if mamma will give me leave.

MAD. D'A. Take them, my dear, since the gentleman is so kind, and thank him prettily.

CHAR. Thank you, Sir. Will you have some, Mamma?

MAD. D'A. No, Charles. They are all for you.

CHAR. Oh, I don't want them all. I'll give some to

papa, and some to Bertrand, and some to—every body. Oh what a fine box! I'll run and show it to my dear mamma de Cerval!

MAR. D'A. Stay, stay Charles.

CHAR. One moment, mamma,—I'll come back. (*Runs into Madam de Cerval's house.*)

VAL. (*sighing.*) Happy age! without cares, without inquietude! Alas! it is the only time in life, when neither head nor heart betray us into misery!

MAD. D'A. Why, Mr. Valmore, one might almost fancy you were talking from a romance, did not your manner and your reflections so nearly agree. I have observed for some time that you are the only inmate of this house who appears unhappy.

VAL. Can I have been an object of your condescending notice? I pray you pardon me. Until this moment I have endeavoured to conceal the struggle with myself from every eye, and above all, from yours;—but you have pierced the veil I would throw around my sufferings, and they will be lessened by your generous compassion. (*sighs.*) Madam—(*embarrassed.*) I must forbear to speak!

MAD. D'A. Is the cause of your affliction unknown to Madam de Cerval?

VAL. It ought to be unknown to all the world!

MAD. D'A. Perhaps you are mistaken. The most violent grief diminishes when its source has been disclosed.

VAL. Alas! even that alleviation is not for me! While I remain the sole depositary of my secret, I may suffer in silence, but shall be freed from—one word, and even hope forsakes me!

MAD. D'A. Indeed, I feel for your affliction.

VAL. Do I hear aright? You who possess every thing

to make you happy—you to whom no sensation should be known which brings not pleasure!

MAD. D'A. And is it not a pleasure to sympathize with the afflicted?

VAL. No longer do I accuse my fate! Life ceases to be a burthen! You, and you only, yet have the power to make it dear to me!

MAD. D'A. (*starting.*) Great heaven!

VAL. (*with vehemence.*) Yes!—you alone can restore peace to this distracted heart! Adored Lena! I can no longer condemn myself to silence,—it is on you my fate depends,—on you, whose charms —

MAD. D'A. (*violently indignant.*) Sir, I am a wife and a mother. Such ties should have been held sacred. He who cherishes a guilty passion for the woman who cannot listen to him without crime,—who, instead of avoiding her, seeks, by mean artifice, to corrupt her heart —

VAL. By mean artifice!—

MAD. D'A. Degrades his own sex, and deserves the scorn of ours!

CHARLES returns, gaily running from the house of MADAM DE CERVAL.

CHAR. Mamma, mamma, here comes my other mamma!

MAD. D'A. Madam de Cerval! } *aside, and at the same*

VAL. Confusion! } *moment.*

MAD. D'A. (*aside.*) I am too much agitated, I dare not meet her. (*aloud.*) Come hither, my boy.

VAL. Madam, in mercy—

MAD. D'A. Leave me, I command!

Exit, precipitately, drawing her son along with her. MADAM DE CERVAL enters at the same moment and endeavours in vain to detain her. Enter HUBERT in the back ground, observing MADAM D'ANGLADE, as she withdraws.



HUB. (*aside.*) Master's looking gloomy. Humph!—things haven't turned out as he hoped.

MAD. DE C. Madam D'Anglade avoids me! What can be her reason? Can *you* tell me nephew?

VAL. Madam, I—(*aside.*) What shall I say to her!

MAD. DE C. And *you* also appear to be agitated.

VAL. I, Madam?—You mistake—but I am waited for, and—(*going.*)

MAD. DE C. Stay. I would converse with you. Listen to me.

HUB. (*aside.*) And so will I too, if I can. (*conceals himself in the bower.*)

MAD. DE C. My dear nephew, a lawsuit against Mr. de Cerval's relations, which threatened my total ruin, has hitherto prevented me from settling you in life with a becoming establishment. I have long regretted to see you, wandering, without any fixed object or decided station in society, and I assure you that but for the impediment of which I speak, you should have enjoyed the advantages of independence much earlier. This impediment is now removed, and by the decision of justice in my favour, I have realised the sum of twenty thousand louis.

VAL. (*surprised.*) Twenty thousand louis!

HUB. (*aside.*) She begins well, however.

MAD. DE C. Yes, twenty thousand louis. I have received them this day, in notes, which are now in my desk.

HUB. (*aside.*) Oh, if I had but the key of it!

VAL. I congratulate you, Madam, on a triumph to which you have every kind of title.

MAD. DE C. You will equally congratulate yourself, Valmore, when you shall hear I have destined that sum for you.

VAL. For me, madam!

MAD. DE C. For you, Valmore—

HUB. (*aside.*) Oh, adorable aunt!

MAD. DE C. On one indispensable condition.

VAL. Speak, madam—what am I to do?

MAD. DE C. To marry, Valmore.

VAL. Marry!

HUB. (*aside.*) Rather hard terms!

MAD. DE C. I have ever considered perfect freedom of choice as the soul of conjugal felicity, therefore select as your own heart dictates, but do it at once. The twenty thousand louis shall be your marriage gift—What! do you hesitate?

HUB. (*aside.*) Oh, that I was nephew instead of valet!

MAD. DE C. My future friendship depends on your compliance.—You are silent, Valmore.

VAL. I trust, Madam, you will not deny me some short delay—

MAD. DE C. Encourage no such hope. Even though I had not the most ardent desire to bring this matter to a speedy issue, your agitation, which confirms my suspicions, would at once have decided me.

VAL. How, madam!

MAD. DE C. Valmore, I know the workings of your heart. You cherish a criminal passion. To harbour unhallowed feelings for the wife of another,—for the object of my hospitality,—for my dearest friend,—and to meditate her ruin!—such a crime would drive you from society with scorn, and plunge me and your connections into misery and disgrace. Save yourself by marriage. 'Twill redeem you from this delirium. To-morrow I must know your final resolution. My peace and your honour are at stake. Prove that you value both, or we part forever.

Exit at the back of the stage, leaving VALMORE in the greatest confusion. HUBERT advances from his retreat.

VAL. I am thunderstruck!

HUB. What a glorious windfall!

VAL. She has discover'd all!

HUB. Oh, the good,—the amiable aunt!

VAL. Force me to marry!

HUB. Twenty thousand louis!

VAL. What wretchedness is mine!

HUB. I congratulate you upon it, Sir, with all my heart.

VAL. Congratulate me, Scoundrel! on what?

HUB. Twenty thousand louis, Sir.

VAL. What! Renounce Lena!

HUB. That's just a thousand a year.

VAL. Marry!

HUB. Aye, marry, Sir,—I would—a whole convent for half the money.

VAL. Away!

HUB. I figure to myself all that money in notes,—and the pocket book,—the desk,—only look, Sir—there it is!

VAL. What?

HUB. The desk! we can see it through the window of the study,—that very window, Sir,—there, yes, I see it now!

VAL. No more. Madam D'Anglade refused to listen to me.

HUB. I expected as much.

VAL. She overwhelmed me with indignation.

HUB. You must revenge yourself on her husband for that, and very soon too, or you'll lose the twenty thousand louis.

VAL. What must I do?

HUB. Nothing Sir,—I'll do every thing for you.

VAL. What means have you?

HUB. None as yet; but say the word, and I'll find 'em in abundance.



VAL. Never ! let me stem the torrent of this criminal desire ! Let the awe inspired by the virtue I insulted, achieve a triumph over guilty passion, which, though it consume *me*, shall not involve its adored object in the ruin !

'Exit VALMORE, strongly agitated. HUBERT looks after him, with a disdainful sneer.

HUB. (*alone.*) Among all the rogues in this roguish world, your preaching rogue is the most ridiculous, and the worst of all speculations for a servant who has no scruples. This man would rob a church, but wants the courage to break the door. (*snapping his fingers.*) *That* for his canting ! I'll humour him in his own way. He shall be a villain by proxy, as greater men have been before him. But he *must* not marry,—for wives, they say, have the marvellous faculty of making a bad bachelor a good husband,—and any thing good in my master would defeat my gains. No, no ! He *shall* not marry. I know better than to risk the experiment of a virtuous woman's power to fix his love and restore his integrity.

Enter MARCEL, followed by LEON DE VALENCY, coarsely dressed, and abrupt and misanthropic in his manner.

MAR. Come here,—this way. Here is Mr. Hubert. He will tell you what you want to know.

LEON. So much the better ; for *you* have been chattering an hour, without answering one of my questions.

MAR. It's no great wonder, I'm sure. He asks a dozen at a time.

HUB. Who is that man ?

MAR. That man's a Bear, Mr. Hubert, a downright Bear ! He never opens his mouth but to call nicknames,

and swears and—speak to him and get out of him what he wants here.

HUB. What's your business, friend?

LEON. (*aside.*) What impertinence! (*aloud.*) Is this Mr. D'Anglade's residence?

HUB. Yes, for the present.

MAR. I've told him so already, but it's all to no purpose. One would think—

LEON. Does this house belong to him?

HUB. No, it belongs to Madam de Cerval.

LEON. Aha! I know her.

MAR. That's a great honor for her to be sure.

LEON. Then he does not reside constantly at Marseilles?

MAR. I've told you already that he does not.

HUB. Hold your tongue, Marcel.

LEON. Is he married?

HUB. (*aside.*) This fellow's manner quite amuses me.  
(*aloud.*) Why, yes.

LEON. Is his wife rich?

HUB. Why, yes.

MAR. Now only tell me, what's that to him?

LEON. Has he children?

HUB. One.

LEON. And a large fortune.

HUB. Why, yes.

LEON. What use does he make of it?

HUB. Maintains a becoming establishment, keeps a good table, and is useful to his friends.

LEON. (*aside.*) Aha! a spendthrift!

MAR. (*low to Hubert.*) Good lackaday, what a fool you are, Mr. Hubert, to—

LEON. That blockhead told me Mr. D'Anglade was gone out.

MAR. Blockhead!

HUB. He is so.

LEON. At what o'clock does he return?

HUB. When it suits him.

MAR. And when he does return, you can't speak to him.

LEON. Why not?

MAR. Because there's to be a Fête here, and a very fine one—(*retires up the stage.*)

LEON. What's that to me? I came to no Fêtes—On the contrary—

HUB. (*eagerly.*) How “on the contrary?”

MAR. (*coming down abruptly.*) Do you intend to do or say any thing disagreeable to Mr. D'Anglade?

LEON. What's that to you? Perhaps he will be sorry to see me,—perhaps also—in that case his conduct shall regulate mine—(*going*) I shall return by-and-by.

HUB. (*aside.*) What the devil—This begins to excite my curiosity. (*aloud*) Permit me, Sir—If you will tell me your name—

LEON. Not to you. To Mr. D'Anglade I may. 'Tis fit he should know who I am and my business.

Exit LEON without attending to HUBERT, who endeavours to stop him. In going out, abruptly, LEON jostles BERTRAND, whom he meets coming on the stage. Enter BERTRAND.

BER. Who is that strange brute looking for?

MAR. Your master.

BER. Has he left his name?

HUB. He refuses it to any but Mr. D'Anglade.

BER. Has he promised to return?

MAR. Oh, yes, he said he would return, and I'm glad he took himself off, for his staying here might have delayed the Fête.



BER. How delay the Fête? Have you any fears—

MAR. Why, he looks so queer, and has such a way with him,—that,—I may be wrong, but I am much mistaken if he brings any good news.

BER. What nonsense you are talking!

MAR. I am talking no nonsense, and I have no mind to joke; for that cross old fellow has driven away all my gaiety with his manner of saying—"I came for no fête—on the contrary"—

BER. Did he say so?

HUB. (*taking Bertrand aside.*) Bertrand, you are in the confidence of Mr. D'Anglade.

BER. I hope I merit it.

HUB. (*with eagerness.*) Your master has perhaps some enemies?

BER. He ought not to have any. He never did any thing but good;—that, however,—(*sighing*) that is no reason!

HUB. But you hear what Marcel says.—Don't you think your master—

BER. Mr. Hubert, I love my master with all my heart. I would sacrifice my life for him, were it necessary;—but I know my place too well to dive into his secrets, and when he chooses to confide them to me, I never betray his confidence. (*Exit through the garden gate.*)

MAR. Oh, lackaday! Look! All the guests are coming and I'm not ready yet! There's a pretty concern now! Oh, I must be off and make myself beautiful! Oh dear, Oh dear!

Exit MARCEL. Enter MR. D'ANGLADE, MADAM D'ANGLADE, MADAM DE CERVAL, in conversation. CHARLES accompanies them.

D'ANG. Certainly, my dear Lena, Charles is in the right. Your sadness is unusual.

CHAR. Yes, mamma, I'm sure you wanted to cry without letting me see it!

MAD. D'A. Might not an involuntary dejection overcome me for a moment which your presence has dispelled?

Enter VALMORE. MADAM D'ANGLADE shudders when she sees him. CHARLES runs towards him, and Mr. D'ANGLADE welcomes him with great cordiality.

CHAR. Look there, mamma! Look! That good Mr. Valmore is coming!

MAD. D'A. (*with trepidation.*) Valmore!

D'ANG. (*not observing his wife's agitation.*) Ah, Mr. Valmore, this fête has occupied so much of your attention, that we have not had the pleasure of seeing you to-day.

VAL. That I regret;—but I am too happy when I can testify to my dearest benefactress, the gratitude —

MAD. DE C. (*interrupting him and significantly.*) Of which I hope soon to receive a more conclusive proof. (*Enter Marcel, running, gaily dressed.*)

MAR. Here they are! Here they all come! Our mistress, her relations, and every body's relations, and all the country people besides! And there, on the other side, the boats glide along, filled with dancers and musicians, and—What a charming fête will ours be, to be sure. Come, quick! Come and see!—

MUSIC is heard. The iron gate is thrown open. All the work people and tenantry enter dancing, attired in the costume of natives of the environs of Marseilles. They salute the company present, and range themselves on one side of the garden. Immediately, at the extremity of the stage, elegant boats appear, filled with guests, musicians, and dancers;—the musicians and dancers clad like the ancient Troubadours of Provence. They all disembark and spread over the stage. The family and guests place themselves under the bower;—the musicians take seats appropriated on the opposite side, and the FETE commences. After the ballet, MADAM DE CERVAIL comes forward.

MAD. DE C. My kind friends, permit me to thank you for the compliment of this attention. A repast now awaits you beneath my roof, and I hope you will do me the honour to partake of it.

MAR. (*aside.*) Oh! a repast! that's the best caper of the whole.

D'ANGLADE offers his hand to MADAM DE CERVAL. VALMORE offers his to MADAM D'ANGLADE, who shudders, and hesitates; but, to avoid remark, she is constrained to receive it. Just as the whole party are about to mount the steps of MADAM DE CERVAL'S house, BERTRAND appears, followed by LEON DE VALENCY.

BER. (*addressing D'Anglade.*) Sir, a stranger wishes to speak with you on business which he says is very important.

D'ANG. (*to Madam de Cerval.*) Will you permit me, Madam?

MAD. DE C. By all means, Mr. D'Anglade. No ceremony among friends.

D'ANG. I will see you to the door, and then return to you in a moment. (*The musicians strike up a march.*)

MAR. (*to the peasantry, &c.*) Come with me, my jolly ones! There's a repast for us, also, and it is I who do the honours of the table!

March resumed. General departure. The family and visitors enter the house of MADAM DE CERVAL. The peasants &c. go off with MARCEL on the other side. LEON DE VALENCY, who has stood in the back ground, advances when all have disappeared. LEON, D'ANGLADE, and BERTRAND only, remain upon the stage.

D'ANG. (*after having seen Madam de Cerval into the house, returns and addresses Leon.*) Is it you, Sir, who desire to speak with me?

LEON. It is.

D'ANG. Be pleased to accompany me to my apartment.



LEON. Not I. There's no need of that. You are waited for, and I sha'n't detain you long. We are very well here;—only send away this man.

D'ANG. Leave us, Bertrand.

BER. But—dear master—

D'ANG. Withdraw.

BER. (*aside.*) I don't like this stranger. I will caution my lady. (*Exit into Madam de Cerval's house.*)

D'ANG. Now, Sir, may I ask—

LEON. (*abruptly.*) It seems you don't recollect me?

D'ANG. I have not that pleasure, Sir.

LEON. I am not surprised. We never saw much of each other. You were at college when I left Marseilles, and fifteen years of misfortune must have worn my features out of your recollection.

D'ANG. How!

LEON. I have traversed the farthest seas;—I was shipwreck'd;—the captain of a privateer saved my life, but had the cruelty to throw me and my fellow passengers upon an island among savages. After enduring fifteen years' hard labour, at the risk of my life I escaped this miserable bondage, and it has pleased heaven to restore me to my family. Know that I am—

D'ANG. (*who, during this narrative has shewn increasing emotion, exclaims with astonishment.*) Ha! now your features rush upon my memory! Yes, yes! I know you—Leon de Valency!—

LEON. I *am* Leon. You are right. I return poor and destitute. You, this long time past have enjoyed all my fortune. It must be given up. You well know my rights, and I hope you won't scruple to acknowledge 'em;—in short, that you will make no difficulties—

D'ANG. Make difficulties! (*with dignity.*) I see

plainly, Sir, that you know nothing of my character; but knowing the family to which we both belong, you ought to have deemed me incapable of making difficulties about an act of justice. Tho' I admit your claim, Sir,—I disdain your suspicion.

LEON. You mistake me, Sir. I should be sorry to offend. (*more abruptly.*) But oppressions do not make men courtly. I have been oppressed,—and my present situation—

D'ANG. Gave you no right to doubt *my* probity. But all is forgotten, since you acknowledge your mistake. You come, then, to claim the fortune, which your father, when dying, bequeath'd to me?

LEON. I've a right to it—hav'n't I?

D'ANG. Granted. I am ready to give up my papers.

LEON. So much the better; for I am in haste to quit this place:—but you will need some time to deposit with the notary the full amount of the sum for which you are accountable. To that end I allow you three days.

D'ANG. Three days! The time is very short. No matter.—But what am I to understand by “*all* for which I am accountable?”

LEON. You're to understand by it, Sir, the titles to the property and effects which you inherited in my stead;—the revenues you have received;—and the interest of the ready money.

D'ANG. Of ready money, there was but very little. The titles to the property and effects have remained at the notary's; and as to the revenues, we will calculate them together. I have but one observation to make,—which is,—that believing myself the master of a fortune, then undisputed, I exercised the same freedom with regard to it, which every rich man should.

LEON. What do you mean ?]

D'ANG. When one of those calamities, which too often ravage the earth, destroyed in our fields the produce of a season, I did not then receive any thing from your farmers, who, with their numerous families, would have been reduced to misery and perhaps despair, had I required from them their usual rent.

LEON. That's all very excellent, Sir,—but in this world every one has his own way of thinking and acting ; and yours would not have been mine.

D'ANG. You are then destitute of humanity

LEON. Humanity? And did not calamities overwhelm me too? Whose “humanity” came to *my* succour? Once more, Sir,—I must have all that is due to me.

D'ANG. But, Sir, reflect. Even my paternal inheritance, added to that which fell to me in your stead, will scarcely satisfy your claim. Would you take my own fortune when I have preserved yours?

LEON. Aha! Disputes, contests! I expected them!—But the Tribunals will decide!—

D'ANG. The Tribunals!—There is no need of *tribunals*, Sir.—It was to your heart that I appealed ; but since that is shut to the voice of humanity, I know what remains for me to do.—You shall suffer no loss, Sir. In three days, the necessary statements,—the capital,—interest,—all shall be restored.

LEON. Be it so. In three days?

D'ANG. In three days ;—and as you must necessarily be in immediate want of money, to-morrow you shall have as much I can collect.

LEON. You make this an obligation by anticipating my wish. To morrow then,—before twelve,—I will be at your house.



D'ANG. I shall expect you.

LEON. Very good. I was not deceived. You're an honest man. We shall one day, perhaps, know one another better—and you—adieu, till to-morrow.

D'ANG. Yourservant. (*Exit Leon. D'Anglade alone.*)  
Overwhelming blow! Would I were the only victim;—but Lena, my dear Lena, must share in my misfortune! How shall I announce to her the fatal news,—how tell her—but she comes,—and, for the first time I dread her presence!—  
(*Enter Madam D'Anglade.*)

MAD. D'A. My love, Bertrand acquaints me that a very abrupt, ill looking man desired to speak with you. What was his business?

D'ANG. (*aside.*) She must be informed, and yet I dare not tell her!

MAD. D'A. You turn away from me,—you do not answer! Has Adolphus inquietudes which he would hide from me?

D'ANG. An unforeseen misfortune—

MAD. D'A. Misfortune! There is but one which I dread,—that of being separated from you! Tell me, my Adolphus, I entreat you, tell me,—if you love me, relieve me from suspense!

D'ANG. If I love you, Lena!—Learn then the truth. Leon de Valency is not dead. After escaping the shipwreck in which he was supposed to have perish'd, it was he himself who just now appeared, to claim from me his paternal inheritance.

MAD. D'A. You must restore it to him, Adolphus, and without delay. Lament not the sacrifice on my account,—I feel it but on yours. In wedded life, sorrows, like joys, must be shared equally. Near you poverty has no terrors. In my husband's arms the most rigorous lot can offer nothing to affright me.

D'ANG. But to satisfy Leon I must make the greatest sacrifices. To restore his patrimony in the manner he requires, I shall be forced to sell my own.

MAD. D'A. (*eagerly.*) Sell my diamonds also,—I can no longer wear them. In the retreat we must now inhabit, these objects of luxury will be superfluous.

D'ANG. Adorable woman! Thy virtues restore all my courage. Yes! I now feel capable of any sacrifice. Fortune,—grandeur! I resign you without sigh! Still shall I, though losing you, find myself rich, inestimably rich, in the dearest of my possessions!—(*to Lena.*) I will return to Madam de Cerval's, and excuse myself from remaining with her friends. But what pretext?

MAD. D'A. Let her know all. We can have no reason to blush at the loss of fortune, when honour is unblemished. (*Enter Bertrand from Madam de Cerval's house.*)

BER. Madam de Cerval, Sir, is uneasy at your being kept so long, and has sent me—

MAD. D'A. (*to her husband.*) Allow me, my dear—(*to Bertrand.*) Bertrand, I know your zeal. I may confide in your attachment. You will oblige us by looking for a jeweller who can buy diamonds to the value of about five thousand louis, and pay ready money for them. He must come to-morrow, and your master will shew them to him:

BER. You make me tremble, Madam. Has any misfortune befallen—

MAD. D'A. You shall know all in good time;—but now, do as I bid you, Bertrand. We shall not forget your services.

BER. I obey, Madam, I obey.

MAD. D'A. Come Adolphus,—let us rejoin Madam de Cerval.

D'ANG. Beloved Lena! never were you so dear to me

as at this moment! Take back thy riches, Leon! Thou hast no penetrable heart,—misfortune cannot melt thy soul! Be assured that in the midst of all thy wealth, thou wilt be far less happy, than him thou hast impoverished.

EXEUNT D'ANGLADE and MADAM D'ANGLADE. BERTRAND remains, and gazes after them, with great emotion, until they get out of sight. He then wipes his eyes and comes forward.

BER. "Not forget my services!"—Is there any thought, then, of discharging me? My master had a downcast air—Madam D'Anglade appeared greatly moved! That man who desired to speak with him, is perhaps the cause.—Kind Heaven! do not permit any thing ever to trouble my good master's peace,—or the happiness of those he justly holds so dear!—

MARCEL is heard singing merrily, behind the scenes. He comes capering in, obviously a little tipsy.

MAR. Ah, this is what you may call a jolly day! Oh, I've been feasting and drinking and laughing! Ha! ha! ha!—Hallo!—is that you, master Bertrand—hey? What are you doing here, all alone?

BER. Nothing.

HUBERT appears at the back of the stage. Perceiving MARCEL and BERTRAND together, he makes a significant gesture, and then places himself where he may listen unobserved.

MAR. Why, you look quite down in the mouth. What's the matter? Are you in l-l-love, or are you in li-li-liquor?

BER. What's that to you?

MAR. Oh, oh, oh! Very true that! It's no affair of mine.



BER. Tell me, Marcel;—you know I am but little acquainted in town—where can I find a jeweller?

MAR. A j—jew—jeweller? Oh! why there's Mr. Dumont. I bought a ring of him the other day to give the chambermaid for a keepsake.

BER. Is he rich?

MAR. Oh, that you may be sure of. He's a very king of diamonds.

BER. You think, then, he could buy diamonds to a considerable amount?

HUB. (*aside.*) Buy Diamonds!—

MAR. Oh, I'm sure of it. I always heard say he gets his living by it.

HUB. (*aside.*) There's something in the wind, here.

BER. If so, I want to speak with this jeweller, but I have just at present reasons for not going out:—if I write a word to him, will you carry my letter?

MAR. Why not? Certainly! Why not? Surely! To be sure. I'll go with it this moment.

BER. Hold. You must urge him to be punctual, because Mr. D'Anglade expects him at his house to-morrow morning.

HUB. (*aside.*) Mr. D'Anglade! To-morrow morning!—

MAR. Oh, dear me, Mr. Bertrand! The doleful way you say that in, frightens me. What has happened?

BER. I know not, but greatly fear my poor master—

HUB. (*aside.*) Ha!

MAR. What? Good Mr. D'Anglade? Why, who could think of doing him any harm?

BER. Ah, my dear Marcel, there are some people so wicked—(*turning and perceiving Hubert.*) That Hubert here!—Come along, Marcel.

MAR. I am quite at your service, Mr. Bertrand, I'm sure.  
(*Exit Marcel with Bertrand. Hubert advances.*)

HUB. (*alone.*) Rather shy, old Bertrand. Something's going wrong. Would to heaven I could find out what it is. They look so confounded melancholy!—particularly Mr. D'Anglade, since he saw that stranger.

The day now begins to decline, and the stage to become gradually dark. VALMORE enters abruptly from the house of MADAM DE CERVAL, violently agitated.

VAL. Hubert! My rival's ruin'd!

HUB. Ruined?

VAL. He has just acknowledged it to Madam de Cerval. The stranger who sought for him is no other than Leon de Valency, who comes to reclaim his fortune. D'Anglade is forced to a total restitution, and his ruin is complete!

HUB. It seems to have happen'd on purpose to favour your projects.

VAL. I thought so too. Hope darted through my soul. I flew to compassionate Lena and endeavoured to win her love by exciting her gratitude. What think you I have done?

HUB. I know not—but I tremble lest —

VAL. I implored Madam de Cerval to dispose of the twenty thousand louis destined for me, in favour of Mr. D'Anglade, and,—can you believe it?—his wife refused the offer!

HUB. She never did a better thing.

VAL. Proud woman! Tho' I cast my fortune at her feet, she overwhelms me with disdain, while my rival's ruin seems but to double her affection! I heard her soothing him by the tenderest names,—saw her lavishing on him the kindest endearments! That sight rack'd my soul! Now, the desire of vengeance inflames me into madness!

HUB. (*who, during Valmore's speech, has affected to partake his anger.*) Well, Sir,—you shall have vengeance! You shall destroy your rival! You shall possess Lena!

VAL. What say you?

HUB. My brain is at work.

VAL. Have a care!

HUB. There's not a moment to be lost. Let me proceed as I please, or, at once renounce Lena.

VAL. Renounce her!

HUB. A final answer!

VAL. At least acquaint me—

HUB. Impossible!—Yes or no?—Pronounce!—Hark—

Music is heard. FOURBIN at the same moment appears behind the gate, and is observed by VALMORE.

VAL. A stranger comes this way.

HUB. (*aside.*) 'Tis Fourbin. He will aid me. (*to Valmore.*) Come, Sir! I'm waiting for the word.

VAL. I dare not utter it.

HUB. Well, Sir,—then leave the woman you love in the arms of your rival. (*going.*)

VAL. Hold! vengeance gains the victory! I consent to every thing, I abandon myself to you!

HUB. Bravely resolv'd.—Fourbin! Fourbin! (*Fourbin enters.*)

FOUR. Here.

HUB. Follow me, and if you are useful, you shall be well paid for it.

FOUR. Depend on me.

HUB. Succeed, and I'll make your fifty louis a hundred. Nobody here knows you, and I will give you an impenetra-



ble disguise. Come! (*in a lower voice.*) Courage, and our fortune is made!—The boats of the parting company advance, and will observe us. Let us withdraw.

Through the latter part of this act a beautiful sun-set has taken place; twilight has succeeded; and the stage has grown gradually dark during the conversation between HUBERT and VALMORE. The distance is now filled with boats, elegantly illuminated, in which all the company bestow themselves and depart,—music playing all the while. VALMORE on one side of the stage appears a prey to the most agonising irresolution. HUBERT and FOURBIN on the other, seem to shrink from observation.

## Act the Second.

SCENE: AN ELEGANT APARTMENT, THE STUDY OF MR. D'ANGLADE. ON THE RIGHT HAND, A WRITING TABLE AND A SIDEDOOR. ON THE LEFT, ANOTHER DOOR AT THE TOP OF SOME STEPS WHICH LEAD TO MADAM D'ANGLADE'S CHAMBER; ALSO A BUREAU, A SOFA AND ARM CHAIRS. AT THE BOTTOM, A DOOR AND TWO WINDOWS OPENING ON THE GARDEN.

WHEN THE CURTAIN RISES, IT IS MORNING, BUT THE WINDOW SHUTTERS ARE STILL CLOSED. D'ANGLADE IS SEATED AT HIS WRITING TABLE, COUNTING NOTES, WHICH, AFTER TAKING THEIR NUMBERS, HE PLACES IN ONE OF THE DRAWERS. TWO CANDLES NEARLY BURNED DOWN TO THEIR SOCKETS, ARE BEFORE HIM.

D'ANG. (*counting the notes.*) Five hundred and seventy! (*places them in the drawer.*) My work advances. I cannot rest till this affair is finished.—Cud de Valency! With a fortune great as that which I restre to him, to reduce me to such sacrifices! Why all this rigour?—But no more!—I must fortify myself. This very morning I receive his second visit. The sum I have just counted, with the money for the diamonds, will prove my rectitude, if it shame not his severity. (*Enter Bertrand, softly.*)

BER. Is your honour in want of any thing

D'ANG. No Bertrand.

BER. And yet 'tis already late; and as your honour has not had any sleep all night —

D'ANG. Late, do you say?—I should not have supposed it.—Open the shutters.

BER. I will, your honour. (*He goes up the stage to open the shutters.*)

D'ANG. How rapidly has this night flown! The hour we dread neverlingers in its approach! How short a time shall I retain the wealth which but yesterday I deemed mine irrevocably! Chance gave this wealth, and chance transfers it to another. Let me yield without a murmur. Let me learn patience from the endearing submission of my Lena to this blow,—unexpected and severe indeed!—but why should I shrink under it? It has been struck in youth, when my fortitude and valour can sustain its violence;—it might have fallen when age had palsied those powers which are still competent to the support of my wife and the education of my boy!—*During this soliloquy Bertrand opens the shutters, and the garden appears through the windows. It is broad day. Bertrand extinguishes the candles.*) Have you not been in bed, Bertrand?

BER. No, your honour. I preferred waiting in readiness for your call.

D'ANG. That was considerate; but age requires repose.

BER. Repose! when my master's afflictions denied him rest!

D'ANG. Your mistress gave you some orders yesterday.

BER. They are fulfilled. The jeweller will have the honour of waiting on you before twelve to-day.

D'ANG. Before twelve?—'Tis well. Leave me.

BER. Your honour—Could I but be permitted—

D'ANG. Proceed.



BER. Were it not presuming—

D'ANG. Well—

BER. I would venture to speak with you.

D'ANG. Speak, my honest friend, speak!

BER. That tone of goodness gives me strength. Yes, my dear master—then let me disclose my apprehensions—my fears—

D'ANG. Your fears, Bertrand?—Go on.

BER. The orders my mistress gave last night made me tremble. I feel too certain that before you could yield your consent to sell my lady's diamonds, you must have been reduced to the extremest embarrassment.

D'ANG. True.

BER. And that makes me fear—

D'ANG. What?

BER. That you intend to keep me no longer in your service.

D'ANG. Bertrand, I cannot be insensible to your attachment and fidelity, but my resources will soon be reduced to very narrow limits. Events oblige me to retire with my wife and child to Senesse, unattended, and without even a domestic.

BER. Without a domestic! Can your kind heart suffer you to dismiss me?—I, who have been thirty years in your service,—I, who attended you when you were a little child,—I who thought never to have been parted from you while I lived!—

D'ANG. But still,—necessity—

BER. Do not imagine it, your honour. No, no. I will never quit you. You will always need some person in your service. Well, let me be that person. Oh, do not be cast down. I will never be a burthen to you. The gardening,—the house-work,—the out-door business,—I will do all. I want no wages;—no, no, not a farthing!—Master, my dear

master, in the name of heaven, do not refuse me! *(he falls on his knees to D'Anglade.)*

D'ANG. Rise, honest man! This noble devotedness shall not appeal in vain. Yes—thou shalt accompany me to Senesse. Rich, I possessed in thee a good and faithful servant;—Poor, I shall find in thy attachment, the carefulness and consolations of a friend.

BER. Well then,—it is decided—you will not drive me away?

D'ANG. No! thou shalt never leave me!—

BER. Ah! You almost make me young again! I was sure you could not reject me:—but I had resolved to follow you. I would have come to the door of your retreat. You could not have had the heart to turn away your poor old servant. *(kissing D'Anglade's hand.)* My dear master! My good master! I am overwhelmed with thankfulness! *(A noise is heard at the latch of the door leading to Lena's apartment. D'Anglade hides his face in his handkerchief and points thither. Bertrand goes and opens it.)* It is Master Charles. *(Enter Charles with a small morocco box.)*

CHAR. Good morning, papa.

D'ANG. What! up so early, my child. *(kisses him.)*

CHAR. Oh, I didn't go to bed all night long. I slept in mamma's lap.

D'ANG. Poor Lena!

CHAR. As soon as it was morning, mamma put all her pretty things in this box, and then she said, "Charles, carry that to papa." She then sat down in the arm chair,—so!—look! *(imitating her.)* and cried—oh, how she cried!—Poor, dear mamma!—I told her not to cry, and I didn't want to come away,—but she was angry, and said—"Go, Sir!"—So—"Go, Sir!"—She kissed me, and then I cried too.

D'ANG. My heart is breaking!

CHAR. It is you that give her all this pain. What do you take all these pretty things away from her for?—Mamma is a good mamma. When she takes away my toys, it's because I'm naughty. Bertrand,—isn't mamma a good mamma?—

D'ANG. Charles! give me that box.

CHAR. Must you have it? Well, here it is. Take it. Oh, how you tremble.

D'ANG. (*placing the box on his bureau.*) Cruel necessity!

BER. Come, my young master, come with me. Your papa is busy. Your mamma is waiting for you.

CHAR. Ah, so she is. She told me I must not be long. I'll make haste back. (*kisses his father and goes away sending him kisses as he departs.*)

D'ANG. Bertrand, let me know when the jeweller comes.

BER. I will, your honour. (*Exit Bertrand.*)

D'ANG. (*alone.*) Honest Bertrand! This last act of thine shall never be forgotten! 'Tis thus that in this changeful world the goodness of the few, consoles us for the heartlessness of the many.

Behind the windows at the back part of the stage, HUBERT and FOURBIN appear in the garden. FOURBIN is disguised, wearing a wig, a cane, and an oldfashion'd shop-keeper's dress, in which it is not possible to recognise him. HUBERT and FOURBIN advance softly, and are unperceiv'd by D'ANGLADE, who, seated at his bureau, has opened the box, and taken a casket out of it, regarding, alternately, the diamonds and the door which conducts to the apartment of MADAM D'ANGLADE. HUBERT points out D'ANGLADE to FOURBIN, and also the door at which he is to present himself. They then shake hands and retire at different sides.

I know not whence this weakness can arise! (*pointing to the casket.*) But this is the sacrifice which costs me most! (*opening the casket and fixing his eyes upon the diamonds.*) Brilliant ornaments! you will soon pass into other hands, but never can you decorate higher excellence than hers, from whose charms and virtue you borrow'd half your lustre. I



surrender you with a sigh: but (*taking a ring out of the casket.*) this ring, the first symbol of my plighted faith, revives a thousand recollections of our early love, which now cling, with redoubled force, about my heart. This ring I *must* retain. 'Twas the harbinger of that union at the altar, which now forms my solace 'mid the ruin which compels this sacrifice! (*Enter Bertrand.*)

BER. The jeweller that your honour sent for.

D'ANG. So soon!—Admit him.

BER. Come in, Sir. (*Enter Fourbin, who bows to Mr. D'Anglade. Exit Bertrand.*)

FOUR. I am told, Sir, that you desire to dispose of a set of diamonds. Marcel, the gardener of the house, requested me to call here.

D'ANG. Right. You are doubtless aware that they require a very considerable sum?

FOUR. Yes, Sir!—but that won't be any great objection, I happen just at this moment to have a demand for them.

D'ANG. Here they are. They could not be purchased for less than five thousand louis; but I would avoid delay, and I have fixed the price at four thousand, five hundred.

FOUR. Will you permit me, Sir—just for an instant—

D'ANG. Willingly. (*He gives the casket.*) The sett is complete.

FOUR. (*aside.*) Oh, the tempting treasure! Now nothing but my *honesty* prevents me from pocketing this, and making off at once; but I've promis'd Hubert to dispose of it in another way. If there's not honour among thieves, where should we look for it?

D'ANG. What do you say?

FOUR. That four thousand five hundred louis is a great deal of money.

D'ANG. They are worth more, and I cannot part with them for less.

FOUR. Oh, I'm sure you will agree to take off—

D'ANG. Positively nothing! If they do not suit you, I must consult another. (*Extending his hand to take back the casket.*)

FOUR. Stop a moment, Sir, only one moment.—If it must be so, it must. I'll take them, but in truth if I had not just now a particular customer to serve by purchasing these jewels, it would have been impossible for me to have produced this large sum of money on so short a notice. Besides, I wish to have the honour of doing your business for you (*aside*) which *shall* be done to some purpose. (*aloud.*) There, Sir. There's the value of four thousand five hundred louis in good notes. (*aside.*) Whew! what a sum! (*aloud.*) Be pleased to see if your money is right.

D'ANGLADE takes the notes, goes to his writing table, and examines them. While he is thus occupied, FOURBIN casts his eyes around the whole apartment and his attention is momentarily rivetted on the sofa: then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he slips the casket and a large pocket book under one of the cushions.

FOUR. (*aside.*) I've done your business. Here are my commissions. (*patting his pocket.*)

D'ANG. Good! (*to Fourbin.*) What said you?

FOUR. I—I— merely asked whether you found the notes right.

D'ANG. Perfectly.

FOUR. Then, Sir, I have the honour of taking my leave. (*aside.*) Now then to find Hubert.

Exit FOURBIN. D'ANGLADE takes the 4,500 louis just received from FOURBIN to the drawer in which he had placed the 570 at the beginning of the act. He counts all the notes together, and then removes them from the drawer of the writing table to a letter case on his bureau.

D'ANG. Now Leon de Valency, I am ready to fulfil my promise. (*enter Madam D'Anglade.*)

MAD. D'A. My love, I dread the effects of your unceasing labours. No longer deny yourself repose.

D'ANG. I do not require it. My task is over.—Well, Lena, your diamonds are sold.

MAD. D'A. So I desired they should be. You know me too well to think I consider the loss of them a real sacrifice.

D'ANG. But with this ring I could not part. It was my first offering in happier fortunes. Receive it now as a first memento in adversity, and let the husband's fondness impart new value to the lover's gift.

MAD. D'A. (*takes the ring and kisses it.*) Your afflictions, my Adolphus, make you dearer to me than ever! (*Charles is heard to cry from the floor above as if frightened.*)

CHAR. (*above.*) Oh, here, here! Papa! Mamma! Papa!

MAD. D'A. Heavens! What has happen'd! (*Enter Charles precipitately, and throws himself into the arms of his mother.*)

CHAR. Oh, mamma, mamma! I'm so frighten'd!

MAD. D'A. O, my child! What is the matter?

D'ANG. My dear boy, what frightens you?

CHAR. O, soldiers, papa! The house is all full of soldiers!

D'ANG. and MAD. D'A. Soldiers!

CHAR. Yes—oh!—all full!—I saw them in the garden too—and—stop! There's more of them!

CHARLES, in turning, has perceived, through the window, at the back of the stage, two police officers, and several soldiers, traversing the farther end of the garden. Much trouble and agitation appears at the same time among the people of MADAM DE CERVAIL. At repeated intervals VALMORE, HUBERT, servants, women, &c. are seen to pass.



D'ANG. Police officers? Soldiers? and Mr. Valmore too?—They seem to be conducted by the people of Madam de Cerval. (*Enter Bertrand.*)

MAD. D'A. What is the matter, Bertrand? What has happened in the house?

BER. I don't know, Madam,—but every movement portends something extraordinary. The doors of the great court are shut—soldiers prevent any one from going out—police officers are searching the house—they talk of a robbery.

D'ANG. and MAD. D'A. Robbery!—

BER. Which it seems has been committed at Madam de Cerval's.

D'ANG. At Madam de Cerval's!

MAD. D'A. Is it possible!

D'ANG. Come, my dear Lena, let us fly and offer our assistance.

BER. You will be better informed presently, your honour, —here comes Marcel. (*Enter Marcel in the greatest confusion.*)

MAR. It's a sin and a shame, so it is, to accuse an innocent man in that way—

D'ANG. What is the matter, Marcel?

MAR. Ah, Mr. D'Anglade! Pray speak for me! I have no hope now but in you.

MAD. D'A. Marcel what have they done to you?

MAR. What have they done to me, madam? Nothing yet—but who knows?—perhaps they're going to send me to prison!

D'ANG. and MAD. D'A. and BER. To prison?

D'ANG. And for what?

MAR. For what? How? Don't you know what has happened?

ALL. No!

BER. Quick,—quick—inform my master.

MAR. Well then—hear—I'm going to tell you all about it.—This morning as I came here as usual to bring a bouquet to Madam de Cerval, by mere chance I happened to cast my eyes toward her study. I saw one of the windows wide open, though they're always bolted during the night. I just peeped in to see what was there.—I saw nobody ; but I saw in an instant that the desk was all broken, as if some one had forced the lock!

ALL. Oh Heaven!

MAR. I lost no time. I went to tell Mr. Valmore of what I had seen, directly,—he sent to look for the police officers. They came. They searched every where—examined every body—and, up to now, nothing has been found!

D'ANG. And the Robbery? What has been stolen?

MAR. Why good round millions,—making altogether twenty thousand louis! Twenty thousand louis!

MAD. D'A. And do they not even suspect who has committed it?

MAR. Yes, they suspect *me*.

ALL. You!!

MAR. Yes—me! Because I was the first that saw the open window, and gave the alarm, they say 'twas all a trick of my own to keep clear of being suspected! One ought to be wicked and arch wicked to lay this charge on me, that never went by the Parson without pulling off my hat!—

D'ANG. But it will be easy to justify yourself.

MAR. Surely, Sir.—I gave 'em the key of my room before they ask'd for it, that they might hunt there, but they found nothing!—That ought to have been enough ;—but when once these fellows get a thing into their heads!—Even Hubert was against me, tho' I pray'd him to speak for me,

and he said with a shrug of his ugly shoulders, "oh, my poor Marcel! I believe you to be an honest fellow, but it is often the people of whom we have the best opinion, who are the most guilty!"—"Tis for that reason I'm come to beg *you*, Mr. D'Anglade, who are so good, and so generous to every body, only to be so kind as to give me a character, and speak to my honesty, my——Answer for *me*, pray do, Sir—as I would answer for you if you were in a like hobble!—

D'ANG. Don't alarm yourself, Marcel. I will do every thing that is proper. You have nothing to dread, if, as I believe, you are innocent.

MAR. If I am! I swear to you I would die sooner than take a pin from any body in the world! Why—the very suspicion gives me a shock I sha'n't get the better of for this month to come! I know this—that if I can't clear myself out of hand, I shall run distracted, and then I won't answer for any thing.

MAD. D'A. They approach this way.

MAR. Who? The police officers?—Oh Lord! They're after me!

MAD. D'A. They are coming hither.—Poor Marcel!—  
(*Enter Hubert, Dorval, Soldiers, Police Officers, and Notary.*)

HUB. (*with effrontery.*) Come in,—come in, gentlemen! This is the dwelling of Mr. —— (*at the sight of D'Anglade, Hubert stops and dares not continue.*)

DOR. (*bowing to Mr. D'Anglade with much respect.*) Have I the honour to address Mr. D'Anglade?

D'ANG. Gentlemen, I have learned the object which brings you hither. Pursue your search. The house I inhabit must be purified from this suspicion.

DOR. Your reputation makes me regret that the law demands this scrutiny.



HUB. *(aside.)* You'll pay no compliments when the hunt's over.

DOR. I am bound to make a strict examination.

D'ANG. Certainly, Sir,—do your duty.

MAD. D'A. *(aside to D'Anglade.)* How unpleasant is this affair!

D'ANG. *(aside to Madam D'Anglade.)* Yes, but the officers will not exceed their instructions.

MADAM D'ANGLADE sits down near the writing table. DORVAL, after having cast his eyes over every thing which the study contains, fixes them on the bureau, and on the letter case, which is placed there.

DOR. What is in that case?

D'ANG. Family papers. Satisfy yourself. Examine them if you please. *(Dorval opens the case and turns over the papers.)*

HUB. *(perceiving Marcel.)* Ah! ah! You contrived to sneak off, Mr. Marcel.

MAR. I!

HUB. Do you know that none but scoundrels ever run away?

MAR. Aha Then why do *you* remain here? Hey?

HUB. *(half-aside.)* Rascal!

DOR. *(low, with an accent of the greatest possible surprise.)* What do I see! Among these notes a part of those of which I have the numbers!—*(aloud to Mr. D'Anglade.)* How did you come by these notes, Sir?

D'ANG. Why that question?

DOR. I must repeat it, Sir. How did you come by these notes?

D'ANG. You must be aware, Sir, that events sometimes reduce even people of condition to extremities, the disclosure of which might expose them to impertinent remark;

—but in the present case I perceive the necessity of avowing that this very morning those notes were paid to me for diamonds, of which a sudden emergency compelled me to dispose.

DOR. To whom?

D'ANG. A jeweller of this city.

DOR. His name?

D'ANG. I do not know it.

DOR. (*astonished.*) You do not know it?

MAR. No, certainly! But *I* do—I know it—and that's all the same. 'Twas I went for him. His name's Dumont.

DOR. Dumont?

BER. Marcel, fly—seek him.

MAR. I go, Mr. Bertrand—'tis n't far—and—

DOR. Stay—

MAR. But, Mr. Magistrate—

DOR. Stay, I tell you. (*to one of his officers.*) Go—summon Mr. Dumont hither without delay. (*Exit Police Officer. Dorval makes a sign to the Notary, who sits down and makes a minute of each question and reply; then addressing D'Anglade.*) For how much did you sell these diamonds, Sir?

D'ANG. Four thousand five hundred louis.

DOR. (*aside.*) Yes, there are four thousand five hundred of them among the five thousand and seventy now in my hands! But where can the others be? (*aloud.*) Mr. D'Anglade, what other notes have you?

D'ANG. None, Sir. (*Dorval makes a sign to the Notary which Madam D'Anglade observes.*)

MAD. D'A. (*to Dorval, with agitation.*) Why these extraordinary questions to Mr. D'Anglade? See, Adolphus, they are writing down all you say!

DOR. Madam, these are formalities prescribed by law, the

necessity of which you, and your husband will acknowledge, when I tell you that among the notes in this letter case, I find four thousand five hundred louis of the identical notes last night stolen from Madam de Cerval.

BER. and MAD. D'A. (*terrified.*) Merciful Heaven!

MAR. Oh! Lord!

D'ANG. (*moved.*) How could that happen?

DOR. I know not, but I hope to discover.

D'ANG. I am most desirous to see this mystery unravelled.

MAR. Huzza! Now the truth will out! Here he comes! Here he comes!

ALL. Who?

MAR. Mr. Dumont the jeweller.

DOR. The information we shall gather from him will doubtless shed great light on this affair.

HUB. (*aside.*) There's no craft in my skull if it does.

BER. (*aside to Madam D'Anglade.*) My dear mistress, the evidence of the jeweller, will, I'm sure of it, remove this embarrassment.

MAD. D'A. (*with dignity.*) Unquestionably.

MAR. Come in, come in, Mr. Dumont!

Enter DUMONT.—At the moment when all looks are directed towards the door at the top of the stage, and when all the characters impatiently expect the jeweller's arrival, DUMONT appears. Every countenance changes instantly. Extreme surprise is depicted on the features of D'ANGLADE—terror on those of BERTRAND. MADAM D'ANGLADE sees with the greatest alarm the sudden alteration in her husband. DORVAL attentively examines every face.

D'ANG. What can this mean?

BER. 'Tis not the person!

DOR. (*to Dumont.*) Approach, Sir. Your evidence is indispensable. Answer truly, Sir, the questions which I am about to put.—What is your name?



DUM. Eugene Dumont.

DOR. Your profession?

DUM. Jeweller.

DOR. Your residence?

DUM. Number twenty-nine, Gold Street.

DOR. (*pointing to D'Anglade.*) Do you know this gentleman?

DUM. I never saw him before.

DOR. How? Did you not purchase diamonds from him this morning?

DUM. No. Madam de Cerval's gardener brought me a note desiring my attendance on Mr. D'Anglade, if I wished to purchase diamonds to the amount of nearly five thousand louis, intimating that the money must be instantly advanced. The raising of so large a sum delayed me rather beyond the time appointed, and I was on my way hither, when the officer met me with your summons.

DOR. Mr. D'Anglade, what have you to say in reply?

D'ANG. The gentleman has declared the truth. It was that person (*pointing to Mr. Dumont.*) for whom I sent, and another has appeared under his name. He professed to be the jeweller whose attendance I had required. Not suspecting any fraud, I shewed him at once the diamonds. The purchase was settled immediately, and I received from him notes to the amount of four thousand five hundred louis, which I deposited among those now in your possession. This is the truth—I aver it upon my honor.—How the impostor could have been apprised of my having had diamonds to dispose of,—why he should have personated the real jeweller,—how the sum he has paid me should be a part of the very notes stolen from Madam de Cerval;—all these are mysteries I cannot comprehend.

DOR. (*to Dumont.*) Did you empower any person to make this purchase on your behalf?

DUM. I did not. I studiously avoided mentioning the circumstance; that no other might deprive me of the purchase, which, at this moment, I had an opportunity of converting to fair profit.

MAR. And I, too—I didn't say a word about them to any body but Mr. Dumont, because (*to Bertrand.*) you told me to conceal it from all the people in the house.

DOR. (*surprised.*) And for what reason was that order given?

BER. I never ask the reason of my master's orders.

DOR. (*to Dumont.*) Mr. Dumont, come hither. Read and sign your deposition. (*Dumont goes to the table and signs.*)

D'ANG. (*aside.*) And Leon de Valency! He too will soon be here!

MAD. D'A. (*low to D'Anglade.*) Oh, my Adolphus!

D'ANG. (*low.*) Be not alarmed.

DOR. (*looking at the paper which Dumont has signed.*) You may now retire. You will be summon'd when your presence shall again be necessary. (*Dumont bows and departs. Dorval addresses D'Anglade.*) I find myself with regret, forced to command that your apartments be most strictly and scrupulously searched.

D'ANG. Be it so. You already know it to be my wish.

DOR. (*pointing to the door at the left.*) Whither does that door conduct?

BER. To the apartments of Madam D'Anglade.

DOR. (*To Police Officers.*) Go! but forget not the respect due to the house you are examining.

D'ANG. Bertrand, conduct them.

DOR. (*to Mr. D'Anglade.*) Will you favour me with the key of your writing desk?

D'ANG. There it is.

He gives the key. BERTRAND and three police officers ascend the staircase leading to the upper floor. The other officers pursue their search in the study. DORVAL opens the writing desk, and turns over the sheets of paper, &c.

MAR. Hey dey there! What are they after now? Oh dear! They won't have the wickedness sure to accuse Mr. D'Anglade? They might as well accuse the angels themselves!

HUB. (*aside.*) My schemes advance!

MAD. D'A. (*to Mr. D'Anglade.*) Dreadful situation! Misfortunes threaten us on every side! Fear you not, my love, lest these notes —

D'ANG. What can he fear who feels no self reproach?

MAD. D'A. Oh my dear Adolphus! A pure conscience must defend us in the last extremity! I rest your safety and my peace upon your self collectedness.

The Police Officers suspend their search. DORVAL quits the writing table.

DOR. Have you found nothing?

ALL. Nothing.

HUB. (*aside.*) That's strange!

DOR. Let us proceed.

MADAM D'ANGLADE is seated at the left of the stage. D'ANGLADE is by her side, leaning on the back of her chair. DORVAL is near the bureau, and the three Police Officers renew their search in the back part of the room.

HUB. (*aside.*) Curse it! The wheels don't work! Fourbin in his haste to get away has not told me in what corner he concealed the —

MAD. D'A. (*to Charles who is going up the stage.*) Charles! Stay here, my son.



CHAR. Oh, mamma, I'm only going for my little chair.

MAD. D'A. It is up stairs, child.

MAR. Here's a chair, my young master.

CHAR. No, no—that's too high for me. I'll find one I like better.

He goes to take the cushion which covers the casket from the sofa; brings it without noticing the casket, to the feet of his mother,—and sits down there. At this moment the three Police Officers, followed by BERTRAND, descend from MADAM D'ANGLADE's apartment. The first of them says, from above, on the stair, to DORVAL :

POL. OFF. We have found nothing.

MAR. No, no. I believe you haven't indeed ;—and you ought to be sent to the galleys for daring to give this good house a bad name.

DORVAL steps forward to approach the Police Officers, when his eyes become fixed upon the sofa, and he exclaims :

DOR. (*with the greatest surprise.*) What do I see !

ALL. What ?

DOR. (*taking the casket and pocket book, and addressing D'Anglade.*) Do you know this casket, Sir ?

D'ANG. (*astonished.*) It is 'that' which contained the diamonds I sold this morning !

DOR. But they are still in the casket !

ALL. Just Heaven ! (*General astonishment.*)

DOR. And the pocket book ?

D'ANG. Does not belong to me.

DOR. It bears the cypher of Madam de Cerval.

ALL. Madam de Cerval !

MAD. D'A. Inexplicable !

(Increased surprise. The characters assume attitudes expressive of their various feelings. DORVAL counts the notes in the pocket book.)

BER. My poor master! Who can be the author of this black design!

MAR. 'Tis impossible! 'Tis impossible! There's craft, and handicraft, and witchcraft in it all!

DOR. This pocket book contains fifteen thousand louis in notes, the numbers of which exactly correspond with those on the memorandum of Madam de Cerval. Adding this to the four thousand five hundred louis in the letter case, it appears that five hundred louis have been taken away from the sum stolen.

HUB. (*aside.*) That villain Fourbin! The lesser rascal has made sure of the greater pay!

DOR. Mr. D'Anglade, you say you sold your diamonds? I find them and the pocket book concealed in your study!

D'ANG. They could only have been placed there by the impostor who presented himself instead of the jeweller whom I expected. It is perfectly impossible, Sir, for any one to believe me capable of an act—

DOR. (*hesitating.*) But, Sir,—the appearances—

D'ANG. Are all deceptive. So extraordinary a concurrence of circumstances, can only be the work of foul conspiracy. Doubtless some one meditates my destruction, and profiting by the moment when all my wealth is snatched from me, seeks to rob me of my honour;—but, in the face of heaven, I protest that I am innocent!

DOR. I wish to think so; but, Sir, I must fulfil my duty. (*whispers to an agent who goes out immediately.*)

MAD. D'A. O ye powers of mercy! For what new calamity is my husband yet reserved! (*rushing to her husband's arms.*)

MAR. I can't hold any longer. I must speak—and I will say—

DOR. What have you to say?

MAR. That Mr. D'Anglade is the noblest and the best of men—that there never was any body more good, more generous—that he never did any harm to any living soul—that all those who know him will say with me, and to all the world, that it is impossible he could be guilty of a bad action—that—that—in short, all sorts of things that I can't say, because my heart is too full,—because,—because,—Oh, poor Mr. D'Anglade! Poor, dear Mr. D'Anglade!

DOR. (*to Marcel.*) Have you any thing to offer in his defence?

BER. (*coming forward.*) I, Sir, have something to offer, if I may be permitted to speak. 'Twas during the last night the robbery was committed at Madam de Cerval's—Well—through the whole of that night I never quitted my master—I never, for a moment, removed out of his call—I can swear that he did not once go out of his study, and that he was busy over his papers without stopping.

DOR. You are in the service of Mr. D'Anglade. Your testimony cannot be admitted.

MAR. What? Won't you hear any thing? Well—never mind—I'll make you a proposal. 'Twas I you suspected first—Take me in his place. I love my character, but I love an honest man better—Mr. D'Anglade has a wife and child—I have none yet, though I hope I may have. Don't force a gentleman to prison when a clodpate like me is willing to go in his stead. I'm us'd to hard fare and he isn't. I'll go to prison and leave you to catch the real thief among yourselves, and to let me out of your clutches when you get him, and that won't be long first. (*falling on his knees to Dorval.*) Oh, Mr. Magistrate, take me, I beseech you!

MAD. D'A. Good Marcel!

D'ANG. No, my good fellow, I shall not suffer—



MAR. That's not your business. It's the magistrate's affair to settle that.

DOR. Such honest devotedness forms at once your eulogium and that of Mr. D'Anglade, but—

MAR. O 't isn't your smooth words I want. I ask but this favour—Will you put me in prison?

DOR. 'Tis my duty to refuse.

MAR. Because I'm nobody?—Well! I'll go and bring you one that is somebody!—I'll run for Madam de Cerval! (*Exit running.*)

D'ANG. Poor, simple honesty! Would that the world were full of hearts like thine! (*To Dorval.*) Come, Sir! Keep me no longer in suspense. What is to be my fate?

DOR. I dread to name it.

D'ANG. Do I shew dread?

DOR. Let your wife depart.

MAD. D'A. Depart? Why should I depart? (*with energy.*) By what right dare you to attempt to force a wife from her husband?

D'ANG. Lena! Dear Lena!

MAD. D'A. No, I will not forsake you! No power on earth shall tear me from you. Vainly will they strive to wrest you from my embrace. I will partake your destiny, console your sufferings, and cling to you forever.

DOR. Madam, it grieves me to afflict you, but —

Enter MADAM DE CERVAL and VALMORE, followed by MARCEL, and two female attendants.

MAR. (*entering.*) Quick, my lady, quick! (*he enters.*) All will be cleared up now. Here's Mr. Valmore—

ALL. Valmore!

MAR. And Madam de Cerval!

MAD. D'A. (*running to her.*) Save, dearest friend! Oh, save my husband!

MAD. DE CER. What have I heard? D'Anglade accused of crime! Beware, Sir, of this calumny. His probity, his uprightness, are well known. I will answer for his innocence.

MAD. D'A. (*exultingly to Dorval.*) Do you hear that, Sir?

VAL. (*aside, seeing the agitation of all the characters.*) Oh, misery!

DOR. Madam, all the notes of which you have been robbed, were found in this apartment.

MAD. DE CER. In this apartment!

DOR. Every thing conspires against Mr. D'Anglade.

D'ANG. 'Tis but too true. 'Tho' innocent I am charged with the most despicable guilt.

MAD. DE CER. (*to Dorval.*) Appearances deceive you, Sir. Mr. D'Anglade is incapable of descending for a moment from his high and unquestioned character.

DOR. In the eye of the law, Madam, the facts themselves create a strong presumption of guilt attaching to Mr. D'Anglade. My personal feelings must give way to the discharge of my duty, which enjoins his immediate arrest.

D'ANG. (*indignantly.*) Arrest!—

MAD. D'A. No, no—they shall not—shall not—

VAL. (*aside.*) To what a dreadful extremity—

HUB. (*aside to Valmore.*) Firmness!

DOR. Away!

MAD. DE CER. Hold! Mr. D'Anglade must be innocent. Stop all proceedings. I would rather bear the loss than see an honorable man thus wrongfully suspected.

DOR. It is too late. The Tribunals claim him. I must deliver him into the hands of justice.

MAD. D'A. Is all hope lost then for my husband!

An additional number of Soldiers appear at the back of the stage. LEON DE VALENCY is heard behind the scenes.

LEON. (*behind the scenes.*) Fire and thunder! Stand out of the way I tell ye! I would break my way through a legion of ye!

MAD. D'A. I sink, Adolphus! I die!

She falls into the arms of her husband. At the same moment LEON DE VALENCY enters precipitately, clad as in the first act.

D'ANG. Heavens! 'Tis Leon de Valency! This still was wanting to my misery!

LEON. (*in coming down the stage.*) Where is he? Let me see him. (*looks around him with astonishment.*) Ah! Have I found you at last, Mr. D'Anglade?

HUB. (*aside to Valmore.*) 'Tis Leon de Valency!

MAD. D'A. (*recovering and regarding Leon.*) Every disaster bursts upon us at once!

D'ANG. Pardon me, Sir, for not complying with the promise which I made you, but this terrible event—

LEON. (*stopping him abruptly.*) I know it. They've told me all. You are accused of a most degrading crime.

D'ANG. I hope, Sir, you do not believe —

LEON. Me? No! Not a word of it! (*seizing and shaking his hand.*) Cousin! Now I know you, and you shall have proofs of it! There's my hand, my heart, and my friendship forever! Where's the magistrate?

DOR. Here, Sir.

LEON. Mr. D'Anglade is my relation. I have proved him just and honourable. I know he could not commit a disgraceful act, and I will save him, whatever be the price. (*All utter ejaculations of surprise.*)

DOR. Sir!

LEON. Before the Tribunals he will justify himself. His



accusers will be confounded, and his innocence proclaimed. I know he will prove spotless. But what do you mean to do with him now?

DOR. He must go to prison.

ALL. To prison!

MAD. D'A. (*to Dorval.*) Oh, Sir, for the love of Heaven—

LEON. Fear not. He shall *not* go to prison. I'll be d—d if he shall!

DOR. How!

LEON. No, Sir. He shall not. I'll answer that his person shall be forthcoming, to the utmost I am worth. How much do you want for his bail? Thirty, forty, fifty thousand louis? They shall be instantly counted down to you.

D'ANG. I am lost in wonder!

MAR. That's glorious! He's an honest fellow after all!

HUB. (*aside.*) My game is up.

MAD. D'A. Oh, Sir—this generosity—

LEON. No thanks—no praises—I don't deserve 'em. I've been the cause of all his misfortunes.

ALL. What say you?

LEON. Yes, I! Deceived by all men and never having obtained any return for good offices but ingratitude, I sought to prove the heart of D'Anglade, and to convince myself that he was worthy of a fortune which I had the right to reclaim from his possession.

MAD. D'A. Fatal experiment!

LEON. I went to him in this disguise. I made him believe that I was in misery, that I wished to despoil him of his wealth. I saw all the nobleness of his perfect integrity, all the magnanimity of his character. The evidences I subsequently obtained confirmed my good opinion; and I came full of joy, to communicate the truth and clasp him in my arms, when I

heard of the odious accusation which hangs over his head and points the finger of disgrace at all his family.—And can I believe it? The man who did not hesitate to relinquish every thing he possessed at my first demand, because he felt its justice,—could such a man commit a robbery? Never, never! I know him to be innocent. I will repair the wrong I did him, if it costs me my fortune and my life. Well, Sir, do you accept my offers?

DOR. It cannot be. He must depart immediately.

MAD. D'A. Can you refuse this mercy to the tears of his wife and child?

D'ANG. I obey.

MAD. D'A. (*throwing herself into his arms.*) Adolphus, my dear Adolphus, I must not, cannot lose thee!

D'ANG. I am not lost.—Think of thy son, Lena. Leave me to the justice of my cause. Remain with this generous kinsman;—concert with him how best to justify my name; and to proclaim my innocence. Leon, Bertrand, Friends! To your protection I confide all that my heart holds dearest in the world!

He tears himself from the embrace of his wife, who sinks, fainting, into the arms of MADAM DE CERVAL. LEON takes little CHARLES in his arms, while he is embracing the knees of his father. VALMORE appears a prey to the most bitter self reproach. HUBERT endeavours to make him hide his remorse. The soldiers encircle D'ANGLADE, and the curtain falls.

## Act the Third.

SCENE: ANOTHER PART OF MADAM DE CERVAL'S GARDEN. ON THE RIGHT, A VERY THICK COPSE; AND A SMALL GREEN BANK WITH A SPADE RESTING AGAINST IT. ON THE LEFT, A HANDSOME SUMMER-HOUSE, THE DOOR OF WHICH IS ON THE SIDE: A LARGE WINDOW, FRONTING THE AUDIENCE, DISCOVERS TO VIEW THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING, AND ABOVE, THERE IS AN ATTIC WINDOW. BEYOND THE SUMMER-HOUSE, ON THE SAME SIDE, A SMALL GARDEN DOOR, WHICH OPENS ON THE COUNTRY. ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE STAGE, A GARDEN WALL, WITH A LARGE OPENING OF IRON RAILING IN THE CENTRE, WHICH DISCLOSES THE DISTANT COUNTRY. GARDEN CHAIRS, &c.

FOURBIN APPEARS AT THE ATTIC WINDOW, DISGUISED AS A SAILOR.

FOUR. (*at the attic window.*) Is the coast clear? May I venture down? There is no one within sight—now is the time then. (*he withdraws and presently appears at the door with great caution.*) Not a soul to be seen! (*He advances on the stage, which, as he continues to speak, he traverses very carefully to see if any one is within view.*) Hubert does not come! This alarms me. As I value my head I must be off. I took care to secure my tithes out of Madam de Cerval's pocket book, unknown to Hubert,



in return for a like kindness from him on a former partnership plunder. Fearing I should be caught, and the notes found upon me, I have placed the money (*pointing to one of the steps of the summer-house*) in this *bank*, on which I can draw without a *check* I hope. The moment is favourable. Nobody can see me. Let me make sure of my five hundred. (*having ventured to the door of the summer-house he stoops and begins to remove the stone, when he hears a noise, starts, and drops it instantly*) What's that? (*Exit rapidly into the summer-house. Enter Hubert.*)

HUB. (*alone.*) At last I have succeeded. Now to rid myself of that scoundrel Fourbin; and get the five hundred back from him. (*He advances towards the summer-house, cautiously looking behind him. On reaching it, and taking a key from his pocket to unlock the door, it is slowly opened by Fourbin, who has been holding it in his hand and watching, and who now appears before him.*) How now? Where are you going?

FOUR. Don't make a noise. I saw you coming.

HUB. You shouldn't have quitted your den. Suppose you had been caught? (*pointing to his neck.*) That cursed De Valency has suddenly tacked about upon us. He swears that till the guilty are detected, and D'Anglade's innocence made known, he'll not cease to move in this affair.

FOUR. Then he'll be a perpetual motion; as I intend to keep moving out of his way; and under cover of this disguise, I hope soon to be out of every one's way.

HUB. There's nothing left for us now but your flight.

FOUR. And your master?

HUB. O, he'll stay here to moan over the mischief he has done, chicken hearted driveller!—But come, I advise you to be off. I have spoken to the captain of a trading boat

which sails this evening for Leghorn. I told him you were a Venetian sailor, and would work your passage to your own country. Harkye, don't be awkward at your new trade.

FOUR. Not I. I happen to have been brought up to it.

HUB. I thought it best not to offer money. It might have raised suspicion.

FOUR. That was right. The less I give away, the more I shall have for myself.

HUB. (*aside.*) You'll have less than you think perhaps. (*aloud.*) Now, all's settled. You're well disguised. Adieu, dear Fourbin.

FOUR. (*aside, and giving a glance at the place where the notes are hidden.*) Oh, the devil!

HUB. (*holding out his hand.*) Come!

FOUR. With all my heart,—but—

HUB. (*aside.*) He hesitates!—The notes are not about his person!—(*aloud.*) What makes you loiter?

FOUR. (*as if struck by a sudden thought.*) You say nothing of the hundred louis you promis'd me.

HUB. Ah, right! I have been so hurried—I have not been able to see my master for a single instant.—Faith, you did well to remind me—I should have forgotten to ask him for 'em—

FOUR. Or you might have forgotten to give them to me.

HUB. Can you think that of your old friend?

FOUR. Indeed I can. You know you are subject to those absent fits.

HUB. I hear a noise. It is Marcel. Fly to your hiding place. (*Fourbin enters the summer-house, and Marcel appears.*)

MAR. (*as he enters, without seeing Hubert.*) Odrot it! Isn't it vexatious now that one can't find out any thing! I have been labouring and labouring to get at the truth, till

my brain is turned topsy turvy! but I do think if I could once find myself face to face with the real villain—(*perceiving Hubert.*) Ha! It is you, Mr. Hubert.

HUB. (*abruptly.*) That's true enough; but what do you want? What brings you here?

MAR. Hey! Well now, there's a sensible question! As if it wasn't my place to be here! As if you didn't know that! There's my nursery, look ye,—and over there's my ice house,—and if you must know all about it,—there!—there's my lodge at the end of that little alley. It is rather, I think, my business to ask what brings *you* here.

HUB. I—I—why I was looking for my master.

MAR. Mr. Valmore? It's odd what an effect this affair has on him. I met him just now,—his arms folded,—his head bent down,—just so!—for all the world like the image in my weeping willow grove. And then he began to walk with great strides, as if he was running; and then he stopp'd suddenly as if he'd lost his legs!—And then—in short, he had so much the way of a madman, that—I declare one would almost think there was something terrible upon his conscience:—but here come the ladies. Ask them for your master.

HUB. It's useless to trouble them. (*authoritatively.*) But don't repeat what you have just told me.

MAR. I shan't forget. (*Exit Hubert.*) 'Pon my life, then, what airs some people give themselves. Well every body is crazy here to day, and I believe I've caught the infection. Ever since morning, I haven't the least notion of what I'm about. I look for a spade and I lay hold of a rake. I set out to go home, and the first thing I know I'm in the middle of the ice-house! The housekeeper asked me for a melon and I gave her an artichoke! Oh dear! oh, dear! If it were possible, I should lose my wits! (*Enter Madam D'Anglade, Charles and Madame de Cerval.*)



MAD. DE C. Compose yourself, my dear Lena. You make me tremble for you.

MAD. D'A. Can I with composure witness the loss, the dishonour of my husband, and the degradation of my child? Can I contemplate without horror the calamities which hang over me? No, never! I might be armed with fortitude to endure afflictions which assailed only ME! but reason deserts me when I think of the infamy of my boy; when I behold his father classed among wretches, the shame and terror of society,—when I feel that an atrocious decree is about to blast for ever, the reputation and happiness of the most estimable of men!

MAD. DE C. Dearest Lena! Indulge not these frightful apprehensions! Confide in the goodness of Heaven and the justice of man.

MAD. D'A. What can I expect from the justice of man, when my husband is in chains? When, upon mere suspicion, the barbarians have robbed him of liberty? When they accuse him of the basest, the meanest of all crimes!

MAD. DE C. Anguish bewilders you, my love. The baser and the meaner the crime of which he is accused, the more infallible must be its refutation. Your husband will be restored to you, his innocence publicly proclaimed, and the author of this horrible conspiracy delivered up to the just rigour of the law.

MAD. D'A. But who can have involved him in these dreadful toils? What interest can animate the wretch who has plunged us into this abyss of misery?

MAD. DE C. There lies the mystery. Do you suspect any one?

MAD. D'A. Alas!

MAD. DE C. You are silent. You turn away. Do you fear to let me read your heart?

MAD. D'A. Ask me not. I cannot speak. Believe that you possess all my confidence;—that your conduct in this awful crisis binds me to you for ever,—and that were it possible—but my gratitude for your kindness prevents me from wounding your feelings,—and, without resistless proof, I cannot, must not, become an accuser!

MAD. DE C. You alarm me—

MAD. D'A. Forgive me, but I conjure you, suffer me—

MAD. DE C. What?

MAD. D'A. To fly to my dear Adolphus, to dare everything to free him from captivity, and should I fail, at least to afford him the sympathies and consolations which a wife's tenderness can alone supply.

MAD. DE C. Can your feeble frame brave the terrors of a dungeon?

MAD. D'A. Have they not dragged my husband thither? Can I remain from him at such a moment? No! I'll fly to share his sufferings. The wife who devotes herself to the succour of her persecuted husband, converts her prison to a sanctuary which even his oppressors must revere.

MAD. DE C. But Leon has gone to supplicate for the liberation of Mr. D'Anglade. Will you not wait for his return?

MAD. D'A. No, no. They are inexorable. He *must* have failed or he would have returned ere now. This agony of suspense I can support no longer.

MAR. (*who has gone up the stage to look out.*) Oh! There he is! He's coming! There's Mr. Leon de Valency!

MAD. D'A. and MAD. DE C. (*together.*) Leon!

MAR. How he runs! (*to Leon who at that moment appears on the hill at the other side of the railing.*) This

way! This way! Come, Mr. Leon, I'll open the little gate, that's the nearest path! (*Leon, ready to turn at the bottom of the hill, stops at the voice of Marcel, and retraces his steps.*)

CHAR. Is papa with him? (*Enter Leon, elegantly dressed, by the little gate. Madam de Cerval goes to meet him.*)

MAD. DE C. Oh, Sir, what news? what news?

MAD. D'A. My husband—My husband—

LEON. I have seen him. He preserves, in prison, that calmness which never can forsake the honest man. He is firm for himself, but suffers for your sufferings. He implored me to encourage your fortitude, and I assured him that you would not despair.

MAD. D'A. Dear and unfortunate D'Anglade!

LEON. Thrice have I sought admission to the magistrate, who has at last promised to receive me in an hour.

MAD. D'A. In an hour!

MAD. DE C. Dear friend, take courage! The hour will soon elapse.

LEON. Soon!—Yes—Thus think the happy! Were it my misfortune to be invested with the duty of pronouncing on the life and liberty of my fellow creatures, I would at all times be accessible. Too often do magistrates forget that a moment taken for their convenience is an age of agony to the poor, neglected prisoner.

MAD. D'A. Too poignantly I feel it.

MAD. DE C. And have you any hope?

LEON. There is but one way in which he can be saved. What has passed proves plainly that the mere commission of a robbery was not the end in view, for a mere robber would have taken away the money. No! 'Tis evidently a plot to ruin and disgrace Adolphus. The contriver must be



an implacable foe ; and the false jeweller his chief instrument. (*pauses.*) I am sorry, Madam, that you did not see this jeweller, and that my cousin, in speaking with him, scarcely observed his face ; for I strongly suspect that he is still in this house.

MAD. D'A. In this house !

MAD. DE C. Can it be possible !

LEON. I have questioned every body, except Bertrand. Nobody in the house perceived him,—not even the Porter, to whom he would have addressed himself to inquire for D'Anglade. He was neither seen to come in or go out. How, then, can he have passed ?

MAD. DE C. Yet, though the Police Officers have made most diligent search, they have discover'd no stranger.

LEON. Malice abounds in precautions.

MAD. DE C. Precautions could only have been adopted by a connivance with some one in my house.

LEON. True ;—and that I suspect to have been the case.

MAD. D'A. (*aside.*) Can he suspect as I do ?

MAD. DE C. How, Sir ?

LEON. D'Anglade has injur'd no one. Who could plan his destruction but some abandon'd rival ?

MAD. DE C. Sir—

MAD. D'A. (*alarmed.*) Nay—nay—beware—

LEON. Let me alone. An impenetrable veil covers this atrocity. In our conversation you lifted it with a trembling hand ; but it is now my place to tear it away. Has the trouble which has pervaded this house prevented you from remarking the agitation, nay the distraction of Valmore ? This is not natural.

MAD. DE C. But, Sir, his friendship for Mr. D'Anglade —

LEON. (*with energy.*) Friendship! Are we not both aware that he was once the rival —

MAD. DE C. Time and absence have extinguished that passion.

LEON. Be undeceived, Madam. Valmore only induced you to think so, that he might the better perpetrate the project of dishonour he had dared to form! Know that yesterday, scarcely removed from your eye and regardless of Lena's virtues, he had the presumption to speak to her of love.

MAD. DE C. Ha! Can it be possible!

LEON. He may have been hurried on by unprincipled advisers,—by the force of passion. The sufferings which rend his bosom at this moment prove that his heart is not hardened against remorse. Speak with him, Madam,—quickly speak with him,—and obtain a confession to exonerate Adolphus.

MAD. DE C. (*deeply distressed.*) I!

LEON. It must be done by you, Madam, lest if the task be assigned to me, he fall an instant victim to my indignation.

MAD. DE C. Awful extremity!

MAD. D'A. He approaches!

LEON. It is time for me to go back to the magistrate. Come with me, Lena. (*to Madam de Cerval.*) Madam, we confide in the active justice of your noble heart.

MAD. D'A. (*approaching and falling on her knees to Madam de Cerval, with her son.*) Save the unhappy D'Anglade! His wife and child implore you on their knees!

MAD. DE C. Lena! Lena!

CHAR. (*on his knees.*) Dear lady, give me back my papa!

MAD. DE C. (*excited to the highest pitch of tenderness.*) Yes, yes! Whatever be the sacrifice (*bursting into tears.*) my duty shall be done!—Delay not to return.

LEON. He comes. Let us away.

MAD. DE C. Degraded Valmore!

Enter VALMORE slowly. His arms folded. His head bent upon his breast. At first he does not see any one, and expresses the greatest surprise on discovering MADAM DE CERVAL.

VAL. Damnation! Madam de Cerval again!

MAD. DE C. Valmore, since morning you have appeared to fly me. I have sought you. I must speak with you.

VAL. With me, Madam?

MAD. DE C. With you. You know the dreadful situation of Mr. D'Anglade.

VAL. Believe me, it affects me deeply.

MAD. DE C. I *do* believe it. Think you he can be guilty?

VAL. I dare not answer you.

MAD DE C. But I must be answered. You have known him long—

VAL. And have always considered him a man of unquestionable honour.

MAD DE C. So have I. A wicked and artful enemy must have conspired with some person living in my house to bring him under this infamy.

VAL. (*aside.*) Can they suspect —

MAD DE C. Are you very sure of your own servant?

VAL. Of Hubert?

MAD. DE C. Yes, Hubert. I never had a good opinion of that man.

VAL. He never gave me reason to complain.

MAD. DE C. Can you answer for his probity?



VAL. Yes, Madam—Besides,—what interest could he have —

MAD. DE C. He might have been the agent of some secret enemy.

VAL. I cannot think so.

MAD. DE C. You cannot but be conscious how nearly it concerns us to penetrate this mystery. It is a duty for both of us, but especially for *you*.

VAL. For me!

MAD. DE C. Yes, Valmore, for *you*. The world often judges from appearances. 'Tis well known that you were once the rival of D'Anglade. It may be supposed that you have not forgiven his triumph;—and some may even suspect that you have plotted —

VAL. Who dare suspect me? And you, Madam,—can you imagine —

MAD. DE C. No, surely, 'tis impossible!—Coolly to plan the ruin of a virtuous man,—to accumulate against him such proofs of turpitude,—at one blow to rob him both of liberty and honour,—to expose him to the risk of admitting himself guilty to evade the rack,—to suffer him to be condemned when known to be innocent,—to deliver up to infamy his wife, his child — (*bursting into tears.*) No, Valmore, no!—I should shudder at myself were I capable of suspecting you of such fiendlike refinement upon cruelty and crime! (*Enter Madam D'Anglade.*)

VAL. (*aside.*) Confusion! Lena!

MAD. DE C. How have you decided, Valmore?

VAL. To follow your example, Madam. The misery of Madam D'Anglade forbids the least delay. I burn with impatience to put a period to her woes, and from this moment pledge myself to silence this unfortunate affair.

MAD. D'A. Gracious heaven!

MAD. DE C. To silence, say you?

VAL. Yes—all my own credit, all that of my friends, shall be employed to rescue Mr. D'Anglade from the perils which gather round him, by furnishing him with the means of escaping to some foreign land.

MAD. D'A. Dare you insult me, Sir, by such a proposition? Adolphus is not guilty. He might appear so, could he consent to fly.

VAL. Madam —

MAD. D'A. Advance not for an instant such a thought! Adolphus D'Anglade must transmit to his son a name without a blemish. He is slandered with the stigma of having broken his country's laws, and he will scorn to pass his prison gates till those laws proclaim his innocence and set him free.

VAL. Yet —

MAD. DE C. She is right. The honest man never shrinks from the scrutiny of his judges.

VAL. Reflect, Madam, on the strong proofs which combine against him. He must be condemned.

MAD. D'A. Condemned! (*approaching Valmore.*) And is it you, Sir, who dare say that in my presence?

Catching him by the wrist with one hand, she elevates the other firmly to Heaven, and looks at him with the most forcible expression. For an instant he meets her eye and then shrinks from it. She dashes his arm from her with mingled indignation and contempt.

MAD. DE C. Be calm, Lena. I am now satisfied as to what remains for me to do.——Do you, Sir, meet me instantly within. I shall there explain my intentions. I rely on your unconditional compliance. (*Approaching him and lowering her voice.*) Wretch! Know that implicit submission to the commands you are about to receive, can alone shelter you from the calamities which I forbode!

VAL. Madam!

MAD. DE C. Obey!—Come, Lena. (*They go out. Valmore remains,—petrified.*)

VAL. (*alone.*) What means that threatful tone? I can no longer doubt! My crime is detected,—and soon will justice—Whither shall I fly? Fly? I cannot move—a spell hangs over me—my feet are rooted to this spot—a menacing voice shrieks in my ear—“Stay, miscreant, the Tribunals claim thee!” Death! Dishonour! All the calamities I had collected over the head of my once happy rival, seem ready, with tenfold aggravation, to burst upon my own!—(*Enter Hubert, running.*)

HUB. Ah, here you are, Sir. I was looking for you.

VAL. Thy pernicious counsels, wretch! have plunged me into this misery.

HUB. On my soul you frighten'd me. I thought we were found out.

VAL. We are.

HUB. Ha! Do they know?

VAL. Madam de Cerval suspects all.

HUB. Suspects?—Only suspects!—Oh, that's nothing.

VAL. She has just summon'd me to her apartment. The tone of her voice, the flashings of her eye, the indignation pictur'd in every feature, all testify her doubts.

HUB. Doubts? Pshaw! Go to her. Be firm,—put on bold face,—and all her doubts will vanish.

VAL. No. Spite of myself, terror overwhelms my soul. I feel as if the whole world could see my crime branded on my brow.

HUB. And it *will* be seen there, if you don't give over whimpering. When reflection comes too late, it only makes bad worse.

VAL. Why did I follow thy accursed advice!



HUB. For shame, for shame! What have we to fear? There's not a shadow of proof against us. Our sham jeweller once out of the way—

VAL. How! Is he still here?

HUB. Could he go without the hundred louis I promised him in your name?

VAL. Distraction!—Let not that detain him—(*giving a purse.*) Pay him, and see that he departs. Let him avoid being recognised,—arrested.—I tremble!

HUB. Make yourself easy, Sir. I'll give him his discharge; and you, in the meantime, will go to Madam de Cerval —

VAL. No. My resolution is taken.

HUB. What is it?

VAL. To fly—

HUB. Fly!

VAL. There is no other way of escaping the scaffold.

HUB. But you destroy *me*.

VAL. You shall follow. I will now go secretly to my own apartment; I will secure all the gold I have there —

HUB. But—should they send in pursuit of you—

VAL. I shall not depart without arms, and I will sell my life dearly! Oh, why, in the rage of jealousy and passion, did I yield to thy suggestions! I consented! I thought to remove a detested rival and one day possess the woman I adore! Fool that I was! The veil has fallen, and discovers to my affrighted gaze all the magnitude of my crime, and all the horrors which beset me for its punishment! I shudder at the past—I dread the present—the future drives me to despair! (*Exit precipitately.*)

HUB. (*alone.*) So, so. I must take my precautions too. First then to tie up this purse and give Fourbin the hundred louis I took at Madam de Cerval's, as they might

make a figure on the trial, and, in case of misfortune, I should be quite as well pleased at their being found in his possession, as in my own.—Fourbin! Fourbin!—(*Fourbin appears at the attic window.*) Come down here, quick!—

FOUR. I'm with you! (*he disappears.*)

HUB. My master's flight will make a terrible noise. I don't think it will be at all prudent to follow him. No, no. Let him go by himself. I'll gain the metropolis, hide myself there, and Valmore may edge out of the scrape as he can. That's the wisest way. I have now only to do my best to get back the five hundred louis which Fourbin kept. (*Enter Fourbin from the summer house.*)

FOUR. Here I am. What do you want?

HUB. You must begone.

FOUR. When?

HUB. Instantly.

FOUR. (*glancing at the step where his money is concealed.*) Instantly?

HUB. Yes!

FOUR. And my money?

HUB. Take it.

FOUR. Give it me.

HUB. (*sighing.*) There! (*gives the money:—then aside, observing Fourbin.*) He hesitates!—(*aloud.*) What more do you want?

FOUR. (*glancing again at the summer house.*) Oh, nothing,—only I—(*aside.*) The devil take him!

HUB. Well—Good bye.

FOUR. (*without moving, always glancing at the summer house.*) You're in a great hurry!

HUB. Of course I am. Should any one come—should you be recognised—

FOUR. Poh! Poh!

HUB. Stay—Pass by that little gate—(*aside.*) The notes are near the summer house.

FOUR. (*aside.*) How! Must I then leave my treasure behind!

HUB. (*who goes towards the little gate, constantly observing Fourbin.*) A spring bolt! The very thing! It is not shut on the inside!

HUB. Where are you going? This way—This way—

FOUR. (*spitefully, aside.*) My poor money!

HUB. (*coming down after him.*) Go, go—Good bye—Go.

FOUR. (*perceiving the key of the little gate hanging up near it, says aside.*) That key! Could I get hold of it, I could let myself in again.

HUB. (*fixing his eyes on the entrance of the summer house, aside.*) The notes are there! I shall soon have them—

FOUR. (*aside, availing himself of this moment to get possession of the key.*) It is mine!

He goes out. HUBERT shuts the door after him, then comes down the stage, overjoyed at his discovery. At this moment MARCEL enters at the upper part of the stage without being seen by HUBERT.

MAR. (*in the back ground, aside.*) I was not mistaken. Somebody, I'll swear, went by the little gate.

HUB. (*aside.*) At last he is gone!—(*Marcel passes softly before the railing, and cowers down behind a tree at the right. At this moment, Fourbin is discovered going off at the other side of the railing. Marcel can only see his back.*) The money is somewhere hereabouts. His eyes told me so. Let us examine. (*Hubert goes to the summer house.*)



MAR. (*observing Fourbin.*) Who can that sailor be? (*he turns and perceives Hubert.*) Oh, oh, here's Hubert!

HUB. (*mounting the steps.*) Doubtless it's in the summer-house.

MAR. (*aside.*) What is he doing there? I never thought too well of this same Master Hubert.

HUB. (*in mounting to the summer-house, stops and looks down at the steps.*) What is this I feel—a step broken?—Oh here it is! (*Marcel approaches softly. Hubert lifts up the broken step.*) I was not deceived. They are here!—(*As he gathers up the notes, Marcel claps him on the shoulder.*)

MAR. Halves Mr. Hubert!

HUB. (*surprised.*) Hey? Marcel!

Not having time to put the notes in his pocket, he contents himself by slipping them hurriedly between his coat and waistcoat.

MAR. What's that you caught up just now?

HUB. Pshaw! Nothing.

MAR. How? "Nothing?" Proud people like you, Mr. Hubert, seldom stoop for nothing;—I insist upon it, I saw you pick up something, and I will have my share.

HUB. You!

MAR. Yes, I. Didn't I cry "Halves!"

HUB. Come, come. You're joking!"

MAR. Not I indeed. You kept my share of the money yesterday, and to day I'm determin'd not to be trifled with.

HUB. Don't provoke me.

MAR. Oh! You threaten! (*he takes the spade which was resting against the green bank.*) Now shew me what you have found, in an instant—or, as sure as my name's Marcel, I'll—(*Enter Bertrand.*)

BER. What noise is this?

MAR. Mr. Bertrand, We found some papers together. He wants to keep 'em to himself, and won't even let me look at 'em.

BER. What papers are they, Hubert?

HUB. Faith, I don't know what they are. I found 'em there. They're of no consequence, and if he had asked me for them civilly—

BER. Where are they?

HUB. Where are they? I—I hardly know what I did with 'em. (*pretending to feel for them.*) Where the devil did I put them?

MAR. (*snatching Hubert's coat forcibly, it flies open, and the notes fall on the ground.*) You put them there!

BER. Notes!

MAR. Notes!

BER. (*to Hubert.*) Wretch! How did these notes get into your hands?

HUB. (*affecting the greatest composure.*) Didn't I tell you, Mr. Bertrand, I found them there?

BER. Whoever placed them there must have been concerned in the robbery that was committed this morning, and will doubtless come to get them back again. Stay, therefore, with us. Let us watch for the miscreant, and perhaps *we* shall get at the truth of this sad business, after all.

MAR. That's it! The very way! Oh, that's it!

HUB. (*aside.*) The gate is fast. Fourbin can't return here. I risk nothing. (*aloud*) Willingly, Mr. Bertrand, willingly. I desire no better than to aid you in seizing the criminal, whoever he may be.

MAR. In that case, then, go to my lodge. 'Tis but two steps off, and you can see every thing that passes here.

HUB. But you must not keep me long. My master will be in want of me.

MAR. Oh yes! Such an honest servant can't be kept long from so good a master! (*at this moment Fourbin appears on the hill beyond the railing. Only Marcel perceives him, and says aside.*) There! There's that sailor again! Should it be him now! (*aloud*) Come, come! Let's lose no time!

HUB. I'm ready.

MAR. (*low to Bertrand.*) Shut him up well, and come back directly.

BER. (*low.*) Rely on me.

BERTRAND and HUBERT go out by the alley, which conducts to the lodge of MARCEL. MARCEL cowers down by a tree to keep out of the view of FOURBIN, who has got near the railing. Enter FOURBIN.

FOUR. (*unlocking the little gate and entering with precaution.*) Nobody!—(*directing his course towards the door of the summer-house.*) I'll pocket this money, and get off without notice in an instant. (*He is hastening rapidly to the step where the money is hidden and finds himself suddenly between Marcel and Bertrand, who stop him.*)

MAR. What are you doing here?

BER. What are you looking for? Who are you?

FOUR. (*terrified at first, then collecting himself.*) Io, Signore, sono un povero marino che voglio ritornare in Toscana la mia patria, ma non ho un soldo per fare il mio viaggio e vi domando la caristade\*.)

MAR. (*mimicking.*) A poor merino, who demand the Caristadé!

\* Me, Sir? I am a poor sailor, who am returning to Tuscany, my native country, but who have not a penny to take me on my journey; and I only ask your charity.



FOUR. Si, Signore,—vi ho veduto in questo giardino e sono entrato\*.

MAR. (*mimicking.*) Questo gardeno? You come to question the garden, do you? The garden will question you, Mr. Entrato. Where's the money you hid in this same garden, hey?

FOUR. (*losing his presence of mind, and forgetting to speak Italian.*) I protest it was not me, gentlemen! Upon my life I know nothing of—

BER. Aha! You can talk to be understood now, it seems!

FOUR. (*aside.*) Oh, blockhead! Fool!

BER. (*examining him attentively.*) But—sure I am not deceived—it is the same!—

FOUR. (*aside.*) I tremble!

MAR. (*examining him attentively in turn.*) At a—last a!—Yes, 'tis he!

BER. The jeweller! The jeweller that bought the diamonds!

MAR. The Italian singer, Hubert's old acquaintance!

BER. He's an impostor!

MAR. A cheat!

BER. Now, my dear master, you'll be cleared.

MAR. (*aside.*) Play him some trick to frighten him and he'll confess all.

BER. Yes, yes—this must be the very man whom Hubert accuses.

FOUR. Accuses me?

MAR. Yes, on the word of an honest man: and Mr. Hubert you know is an honest man,—a very, very honest man.

\* Yes, Sir, I saw you in the garden, and I came in.

FOUR. (*animated.*) *He* an honest man! He's a scoundrel!—and since he has endeavour'd to ruin me and impose on you, I'll tell you the whole truth—

BER. This way, then.—Let us hasten to make our depositions. Oh, my master! my dear master!

MAR. Come, Mr. Italian singer! Come along! Halloo! Halloo! (*Gardeners appear.*)

BER. Seize this villain. Conduct him to the magistrates. Carry Hubert with him, and take good care they don't escape.

MAR. The truth's out! The truth's out! Go, go! Run, Mr. Bertrand! Quick,—run and tell Madam D'Anglade!—I'll fly to the magistrate and come back instantly. Oh, I'm all joy, joy, joy, joy!—(*Enter Madam de Cerval.*)

MAD. DE C. What mean these cries of joy?

BER. Ah, Madam, we have found the two rogues [that stole your money. Pardon me—I must run and tell my dear, dear Mistress. (*Exit precipitately.*)

MAR. Yes, ma'am, all is discovered. The scoundrels are taken—Hubert and another. 'Twas I that arrested 'em—I, myself—I—I'll run and bring the guard. (*He goes out running by the little gate, and mounts the hill. At the same moment Valmore enters in his travelling dress and appears in the greatest perturbation.*)

VAL. What's this that Bertrand tells me? Whither shall I turn?

MAD. DE C. Valmore!

VAL. Perdition!

MAD. DE C. What brings you hither? Come you to throw yourself into the hands of justice?

VAL. (*with extreme difficulty.*) Of Justice!

MAD. DE C. Yes your crime is known,—your accom-

plices arrested! Those cries of joy announced it. You fled my presence when I meant to save you. I had then the power, but now—no way remains to snatch you from the scaffold!

VAL. *(after a momentary pause, and clasping his hands together in great agony.)* I have deserved my fate.—Yet hear me—*(falling on his knees.)*

MAD. DE C. Rise—away—every moment encreases your danger. Fly, fly, if yet you can!

VAL. It is too late. *(a bustle is heard behind the scenes.)*

MAD. DE C. Crowds are rushing hither on all sides. What can we do?—Ah! *(pointing to the summer-house.)* That retreat offers a momentary shelter. Perhaps it may be yet possible——

VAL. All hope has fled! *(Increased bustle behind the scenes.)*

MAD. DE C. They come!

VAL. Farewell, farewell for ever!

He enters the summer-house, shuts the door, and remains in sight of the audience. Enter MARCEL, descending the hill precipitately, followed by LEON DE VALENCY, and several soldiers.

MAR. Ah, Mr. Leon! The Robbers are caught, and 'twas I and Bertrand who discovered them!

LEON. Heaven be thanked, my fine fellows! The magistrate has at last accepted my security for my friend's liberty, and D'Anglade will be restor'd to us.

Enter DORVAL, followed by D'ANGLADE. MADAM D'ANGLADE enters on the opposite side, guided by BERTRAND and holding CHARLES in her arms. Some female servants also appear. MADAM D'ANGLADE and D'ANGLADE rush into each other's embrace. MADAM DE CERVAIL seems overwhelmed.



MAD. D'A. Adolphus!

D'ANG. My dearest Lena!

CHAR. Oh, papa!

D'ANG. Lena, to this generous kinsman I owe the happiness of once more clasping you to my heart.

LEON. (*pointing to Bertrand and Marcel.*) And to these honest fellows you owe the means of your honourable acquittal.

MAR. Make room! make room! Here comes Mr. Toscano Merino, and his brother rogue, Hubert. (*Hubert and Fourbin are brought to the door of the enclosure.*)

MAD. DE C. (*aside.*) Great Heaven! Hubert! As I feared!

HUB. Nay, it was Mr. Valmore, who commanded all.

ALL. Valmore!

DOR. Guard well those wretches, and let Mr. Valmore be diligently sought for. (*Valmore is seen by the audience to write hastily.*)

MAD. DE C. (*aside.*) What agony I endure!

MAD. D'A. (*to D'Anglade.*) How much I pity that inestimable woman!

DOR. (*to soldiers.*) Search that building. (*Valmore disappears.*)

MAR. DE C. Hold! Hold!

DOR. Soldiers! Enter that place!

MAD. DE C. He is lost!

MAR. D'A. (*running to Madam de Cerval.*) Beloved friend!

At the moment when the OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, after forcing the door of the summer-house, are seen to enter it, a pistol shot is heard.

ALL. Merciful Heaven!

MADAM DE CERVAL faints in the arms of MADAM D'ANGLADE, who, with the attendants, conducts her to the green bank. DORVAL returns, sustaining VALMORE, pale and bleeding, with a pistol in his hand. The SOLDIERS follow. DORVAL brings VALMORE to the centre of the stage. VALMORE drops the pistol, staggers to D'ANGLADE, falls upon his knees, and seems to supplicate forgiveness; then rises, reels towards DORVAL, plucks a paper from his bosom which he gives DORVAL; clasps his hands fervently as if in prayer, then falls and dies.

D'ANG. He is no more!

DOR. (*after opening the paper.*) He has left in my hands a full confession of his guilt! Now, Mr. D'Anglade, your justification is complete.

MAD. D'A. Powers of mercy! forgive this new crime, nor let thy wrath pursue him beyond the grave!

An officer departs, followed by guards, who conduct HUBERT and FOURBIN. The female attendants lend their assistance to MADAM DE CERVAL, who is still fainting. The D'ANGLADES kneel, and the other characters groupe around them, in attitudes of joy and thankfulness. The curtain falls.

The End.

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